Jm A Nicholson

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# ESSAYS,

ON

# *PICTURESQUE BEAUTY;*

*&c. &c. &c.*

# THREE ESSAYS:

ON

# PICTURESQUE BEAUTY;

ON

# PICTURESQUE TRAVEL;

AND ON

# SKETCHING LANDSCAPE:

TO WHICH IS ADDED A POEM, ON

# LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

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Second Edition.

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By WILLIAM GILPIN, A. M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY;

AND VICAR OF BOLDRE IN NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

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1794.

TO

# WILLIAM LOCK, Esq;

OF

*NORBURY-PARK*, in *SURREY*.

DEAR SIR,

THE following eſſays, and poem, I beg leave to inſcribe to you. Indeed I do little more, than return your own: for the beſt remarks, and obſervations in them, are yours. Such as may be cavilled at, I am perſuaded, muſt be mine.

A publiſhed work is certainly a fair object of criticiſm: but I think, my dear ſir, we admirers of the pictureſque are a little miſunderſtood with regard to our *general intention*. I

A have

have ſeveral times been ſurprized at finding us repreſented, as ſuppoſing, *all beauty* to conſiſt in *picturesque beauty*—and the face of nature to be examined *only by the rules of painting*. Whereas, in fact, we always ſpeak a different language. We ſpeak of the grand ſcenes of nature, tho unintereſting in a *picturesque light*, as having a ſtrong effect on the imagination—often a ſtronger, than when they are properly diſpoſed for the pencil. We every where make a diſtinction between ſcenes, that are *beautiful*, *amuſing*, or otherwiſe pleaſing; and ſcenes that are *picturesque*. We examine, and admire both. Even artificial objects we admire, whether in a grand, or in a humble ſtile, tho unconnected with pictureſque beauty—the palace, and the cottage—the improved garden-ſcene, and the neat homeſtall. Works of tillage alſo afford us equal delight—the plough, the mower, the reaper, the hay-field, and the harveſt-wane. In a word, we reverence, and admire the works of God; and look with benevolence, and pleaſure, on the works of men.

In

In what then do we offend? At the expence of no other ſpecies of beauty, we merely endeavour to illuſtrate, and recommend *one* ſpecies more; which, tho among the moſt intereſting, hath never yet, ſo far as I know, been made the ſet object of inveſtigation. From ſcenes indeed of the *picturesque kind* we exclude the appendages of tillage, and in general the works of men; which too often introduce preciſeneſs, and formality. But excluding artificial objects from one ſpecies of beauty, is not degrading them from all. We leave then the general admirer of the beauties of nature to his own purſuits; nay we admire them with him: all we deſire, is, that he would leave us as quietly in the poſſeſſion of one ſource of amuſement more.

Under this apology, my dear ſir, I have ventured, in the following eſſays, to inlarge a little both on our theory, and practice. In the firſt eſſay (that we may be fairly underſtood) the *diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic* is marked,

of *ſuch beautiful objects*, as are ſuited to the pencil. In the ſecond, the mode of amuſement is pointed out, that may ariſe from viewing the ſcenes of nature in a pictureſque light: and in the third, a few rules are given for ſketching landſcape after nature. I have practiſed drawing as an amuſement, and relaxation, for many years; and here offer the reſult of my experience. Some readineſs in *execution* indeed, it is ſuppoſed, is neceſſary, before theſe rules can be of much ſervice. They mean to take the young artiſt up, where the drawing-maſter leaves him.—I have only to add farther, that as ſeveral of the rules, and principles here laid down, have been touched in different pictureſque works, which I have given the public, I have endeavoured not to repeat myſelf: and where I could not throw new light on a ſubject, I have haſtened over it:—only in a work of this kind, it was neceſſary to bring them together in one view.

With

With regard to the poem, annexed to theſe eſſays, ſomething more ſhould be ſaid. As that ſmall part of the public, who perſonally know me; and that ſtill ſmaller part, whom I have the honour to call my friends, may think me guilty of preſumption in attempting a work of this kind, I beg leave to give the following hiſtory of it.

Several years ago, I amuſed myſelf with writing a few lines in verſe on landſcape-painting; and afterwards ſent them, as a fragment (for they were not finiſhed) to amuſe a friend.* I had no other purpoſe. My friend told me, he could not ſay much for my *poetry*; but as my *rules*, he thought, were good, he wiſhed me to finiſh my fragment; and if I ſhould not like it as a *poem*, I might turn it into an *eſſay in proſe*.—As this was only what I expected, I was not diſappointed; tho not encouraged to proceed. So

* Edward Forſter, eſq; of Walthamſtow.

I trou-

I troubled my head no farther with my verſes.

Some time after, another friend,* finding fault with my mode of deſcribing the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, and Weſtmoreland, as too poetical, I told him the fate of my fragment; lamenting the hardſhip of my caſe——when I wrote verſe, one friend called it proſe; and when I wrote proſe, another friend called it verſe. In his next letter he deſired to ſee my verſes; and being pleaſed with the ſubject, he offered, if I would finiſh my poem (however careleſsly as to metrical exactneſs) he would adjuſt the verſification. But he found, he had engaged in a more arduous taſk, than he expected. My rules, and tecnical terms were ſtubborn, and would not eaſily glide into verſe; and I was as ſtubborn, as they, and would not relinquiſh the ſcientific part for the poetry. My friend's

* Rev. Mr. Maſon.

good-

good-nature therefore generally gave way, and ſuffered many lines to ſtand, and many alterations to be made, which his own good taſte could not approve.* I am afraid therefore I muſt appear to the world, as having ſpoiled a good poem; and muſt ſhelter myſelf, and it, under thoſe learned reaſons, which have been given for putting *Propria quæ maribus*, and *As in præſenti*, into verſe. If the rules have injured the poetry; as *rules* at leaſt, I

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* Extract of a letter from Mr. Maſon.

——————" I have inſerted conſcientiouſly every " word, and phraſe, you have altered; except the awkward " word *clump*, which I have uniformly diſcarded, whenever it " offered itſelf to me in my Engliſh garden, which you may " imagine it did frequently: in it's ſtead I have always " uſed *tuft*. I have ventured therefore to inſert it adjectively; " and I hope, I ſhall be forgiven. Except in this ſingle " inſtance, I know not that I have deviated in the leaſt from " the alterations, you ſent.——I now quit all that relates to " the poem, not without ſome ſelf-ſatisfaction in thinking it is " over: for, to own the truth, had I thought you would have " expected ſuch almoſt mathematical *exactitude of terms*, as I " find you do; and in conſequence turned lines tolerably " poetical, into proſaic, for the ſake of preciſion, I ſhould " never have ventured to give you my aſſiſtance."——

hope,

hope, they will meet your approbation. I am, dear ſir, with the greateſt eſteem, and regard,

Your ſincere,

and moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

*Vicar's-hill,*
*Oct.* 12, 1791.

# ESSAY I.

ON

# PICTURESQUE BEAUTY.

# ESSAY I.

DISPUTES about beauty might perhaps be involved in leſs confuſion, if a diſtinction were eſtabliſhed, which certainly exiſts, between ſuch objects as are *beautiful*, and ſuch as are *pictureſque*—between thoſe, which pleaſe the eye in their *natural ſtate*; and thoſe, which pleaſe from ſome quality, capable of being *illuſtrated by painting*.

Ideas of beauty vary with the objects, and with the eye of the ſpectator. The ſtone-maſon ſees beauties in a well-jointed wall, which eſcape the architect, who ſurveys the building under a different idea. And thus the painter, who compares his object with the rules of his art, ſees it in a different light from the man of general taſte, who ſurveys it only as ſimply beautiful.

As this difference therefore between the *beautiful*, and the *picturesque* appears really to exist, and must depend on some peculiar construction of the object; it may be worth while to examine, what that peculiar construction is. We inquire not into the *general sources of beauty*, either in nature, or in representation. This would lead into a nice, and scientific discussion, in which it is not our purpose to engage. The question simply is, *What is that quality in objects, which particularly marks them as picturesque?*

In examining the *real object*, we shall find, one source of beauty arises from that species of elegance, which we call *smoothness*, or *neatness*; for the terms are nearly synonymous. The higher the marble is polished, the brighter the silver is rubbed, and the more the mahogany shines, the more each is considered as an object of beauty: as if the eye delighted in gliding smoothly over a surface.

In the class of larger objects the same idea prevails. In a pile of building we wish to see neatness in every part added to the elegance of the architecture. And if we examine a piece of improved pleasure-ground, every thing rough, and slovenly offends.

Mr.

Mr. Burke, enumerating the properties of beauty, conſiders *ſmoothneſs* as one of the moſt eſſential. " A very conſiderable part of the effect of beauty, ſays he, is owing to this quality: indeed the moſt conſiderable: for take any beautiful object, and give it a broken, and rugged ſurface, and however well-formed it may be in other reſpects, it pleaſes no longer. Whereas, let it want ever ſo many of the other conſtituents, if it want not this, it becomes more pleaſing, than almoſt all the others without it."*——— How far Mr. Burke may be right in making ſmoothneſs the *moſt conſiderable* ſource of beauty, I rather doubt†. A conſiderable one it certainly is.

Thus

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* Upon the ſublime and beautiful, page 213.

† Mr. Burke is probably not very accurate in what he farther ſays on the connection between *beauty*, and *diminutives*. ——Beauty excites love; and a loved object is generally characterized by diminutives. But it does not follow, that all objects characterized by diminutives, tho they may be ſo becauſe they are loved, are therefore beautiful. We often love them for their moral qualites; their affections; their gentleneſs; or their docility. Beauty, no doubt, awakens love; but alſo excites admiration, and reſpect. This combination forms the ſentiment, which prevails, when we look

Thus then, we ſuppoſe, the matter ſtands with regard to *beautiful objects in general.* But in *pictureſque repreſentation* it ſeems ſomewhat odd, yet perhaps we ſhall find it equally true, that the reverſe of this is the caſe; and that the ideas of *neat* and *ſmooth*, inſtead of being pictureſque, in reality ſtrip the object, in which they reſide, of all pretenſions to *pictureſque beauty.*——Nay, farther, we do not ſcruple to aſſert, that *roughneſs* forms the moſt eſſential point of difference between the *beautiful*, and the *pictureſque*; as it ſeems to be that particular quality, which makes objects chiefly pleaſing in painting.—I uſe the general term *roughneſs*; but properly ſpeaking roughneſs relates only to the ſurfaces of bodies: when we ſpeak of their delineation, we uſe the word *ruggedneſs.* Both ideas however equally enter into the pictureſque; and both are obſervable in the

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at the Apollo of Belvidere, and the Niobe. No man of nice diſcernment would characterize theſe ſtatues by diminutives.——There is then a beauty, between which and diminutives there is no relation; but which, on the contrary, excludes them: and in the deſcription of figures, poſſeſſed of that ſpecies of beauty, we ſeek for terms, which recommend them more to our *admiration* than our *love.*

ſmaller,

ſmaller, as well as in the larger parts of nature—in the outline, and bark of a tree, as in the rude ſummit, and craggy ſides of a mountain.

Let us then examine our theory by an appeal to experience; and try how far theſe qualities enter into the idea of *pictureſque beauty*; and how far they mark that difference among objects, which is the ground of our inquiry.

A piece of Palladian architecture may be elegant in the laſt degree. The proportion of it's parts—the propriety of it's ornaments—and the ſymmetry of the whole may be highly pleaſing. But if we introduce it in a picture, it immediately becomes a formal object, and ceaſes to pleaſe. Should we wiſh to give it pictureſque beauty, we muſt uſe the mallet, inſtead of the chiſſel: we muſt beat down one half of it, deface the other, and throw the mutilated members around in heaps. In ſhort, from a *ſmooth* building we muſt turn it into a *rough* ruin. No painter, who had the choice of the two objects, would heſitate which to chuſe.

Again, why does an elegant piece of garden-ground make no figure on canvas? The ſhape

is pleaſing; the combination of the objects, harmonious; and the ~~widening~~ winding of the walk in the very line of beauty. All this is true; but the *ſmoothneſs* of the whole, tho right, and as it ſhould be in nature, offends in picture. Turn the lawn into a piece of broken ground: plant rugged oaks inſtead of flowering ſhrubs: break the edges of the walk: give it the rudeneſs of a road; mark it with wheel-tracks; and ſcatter around a few ſtones, and bruſh-wood; in a word, inſtead of making the whole *ſmooth*, make it *rough*; and you make it alſo *pictureſque*. All the other ingredients of beauty it already poſſeſſed.

You ſit for your picture. The maſter, at your deſire, paints your head combed ſmooth, and powdered from the barber's hand. This may give it a more ſtriking likeneſs, as it is more the reſemblance of the real object. But is it therefore a more pleaſing picture? I fear not. Leave Reynolds to himſelf, and he will make it pictureſque: he will throw the hair diſhevelled about your ſhoulders. Virgil would have done the ſame. It was his uſual practice in all his portraits. In his figure of Aſcanius, we have the *fuſos crines*; and in his portrait of

of Venus, which is highly finiſhed in every part, the artiſt has given her hair,

——————— *diffundere ventis**.

Modern poets alſo, who have any ideas of natural beauty, do the ſame. I introdue M ilton to repreſent them all. In his picture of Eve, he tells us, that

———————to her ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes were
Diſhevelled, and in wanton ringlets waved.

That lovely face of youth ſmiling with all it's ſweet, dimpling charms, how attractive is

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* The roughneſs, which Virgil gives the hair of Venus, and Aſcanius, we may ſuppoſe to be of a different kind from the ſqualid roughneſs, which he attributes to Charon:

Portitor has horrendus aquas, et flumina ſervat
Terribili ſqualore Charon, cui plurima mento
Canities inculta jacet.

Charon's roughneſs is, in it's kind, pictureſque alſo; but the roughneſs here intended, and which can only be introduced in elegant figures, is of that kind, which is merely oppoſed to hair in nice order. In deſcribing Venus, Virgil probably thought hair, when *ſtreaming in the wind*, both beautiful, and pictureſque, from it's undulating form, and varied tints; and from a kind of life, which it aſſumes in motion; tho perhaps it's chief recommendation to him, at the moment, was, that it was a feature of the character, which Venus was then aſſuming.

it

it in life! how beautiful in repreſentation! It is one of thoſe objects, that pleaſe, as many do, both in nature, and on canvas. But would you ſee the human face in it's ~~brightest~~ highest form of *pictureſque beauty*, examine that patriarchal head. What is it, which gives that dignity of character; that force of expreſſion: thoſe lines of wiſdom, and experience; that energetic meaning, ſo far beyond the roſy hue, or even the bewitching ſmile of youth? What is it, but the forehead furrowed with wrinkles? the prominent cheek-bone, catching the light? the muſcles of the cheek ſtrongly marked, and loſing themſelves in the ſhaggy beard? and, above all, the auſtere brow, projecting over the eye—the feature which particularly ſtruck Homer in his idea of Jupiter*, and which he

* It is much more probable, that the poet copied *forms* from the ſculptor, who muſt be ſuppoſed to underſtand them better, from having ſtudied them more; than that the ſculptor ſhould copy them from the poet. Artiſts however have taken advantage of the pre-poſſeſſion of the world for Homer to ſecure approbation to their works by acknowledging them to be reflected images of his conceptions. So Phidias aſſured his countrymen, that he had taken his Jupiter from the deſcription of that god in the firſt book of Homer. The fact is, none of the features contained in that image, except the brow, can be rendered

he had probably ſeen finely repreſented in ſome ſtatue; in a word, what is it, but the *rough* touches of age?

As an object of the mixed kind, partaking both of the *beautiful*, and the *pictureſque*, we admire the human figure alſo. The lines, and ſurface of a beautiful human form are ſo infinitely varied; the lights and ſhades, which it receives, are ſo exquiſitely tender in ſome parts, and yet ſo round, and bold in others; it's proportions are ſo juſt; and it's limbs ſo fitted to receive all the beauties of grace, and

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rendered by ſculpture. But he knew what advantage ſuch ideas, as his art could expreſs, would receive from being connected in the mind of the ſpectator with thoſe furniſhed by poetry; and from the juſt partiality of men for ſuch a poet. He ſeems therefore to have been as well acquainted with the mind of man, as with his ſhape, and face.—If by κυανεησι ὑποφρυσι, we underſtand, as I think we may, *a projecting brow, which caſts a broad*, and *deep ſhadow over the eye*, Clarke has rendered it ill by *nigris ſuperciliis*, which moſt people would conſtrue into *black eye-brows*. Nor has Pope, tho he affected a knowledge of painting, tranſlated it more happily by *ſable eye-brows*.—But if Phidias had had nothing to recommend him, except his having availed himſelf of the only feature in the poet, which was accommodated to his art, we ſhould not have heard of inquirers wondering from whence he had drawn his ideas; nor of the compliment, which it gave him an opportunity of paying to Homer.

contraſt;

contraſt; that even the face, in which the charms of intelligence, and ſenſibility reſide, is almoſt loſt in the compariſon. But altho the human form in a quieſcent ſtate, is thus beautiful; yet the more it's *ſmooth ſurface is ruffled*, if I may ſo ſpeak, the more pictureſque it appears. When it is agitated by paſſion, and it's muſcles ſwoln by ſtrong exertion, the whole frame is ſhewn to the moſt advantage.——But when we ſpeak of muſcles ſwoln by exertion, we mean only natural exertions, not an affected diſplay of anatomy, in which the muſcles, tho juſtly placed, may ſtill be overcharged.

It is true, we are better pleaſed with the uſual repreſentations we meet with of the human form in a quieſcent ſtate, than in an agitated one: but this is merely owing to our ſeldom ſeeing it naturally repreſented in ſtrong action. Even among the beſt maſters we ſee little knowledge of anatomy. One will inflate the muſcles violently to produce ſome trifling effect: another will ſcarce ſwell them in the production of a laboured one. The eye ſoon learns to ſee a defect, tho unable to amend it. But when the anatomy is perfectly juſt, the human body will always be more pictureſque

in

in action, than at reſt. The great difficulty indeed of repreſenting ſtrong muſcular motion, ſeems to have ſtruck the ancient maſters of ſculpture: for it is certainly much harder to model from a figure in ſtrong, momentary action, which muſt, as it were, be ſhot flying; than from one, ſitting, or ſtanding, which the artiſt may copy at leiſure. Amidſt the variety of ſtatues tranſmitted from their hands, we have only three, or four in very ſpirited action*. Yet when we ſee an effect of this kind well executed, our admiration is greatly increaſed. Who does not admire the Laocoon more than the Antinous?

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* Tho there are only perhaps two or three of the firſt antique ſtatues in *very ſpirited* action—the Laocoon, the fighting gladiator, and the boxers—yet there are ſeveral others, which are *in action*—the Apollo Belvidere—Michael Angelo's Torſo—Arria and Pætus—the Pietas militaris, ſometimes called the Ajax, of which the Paſquin at Rome is a part, and of which there is a repetition more entire, tho ſtill much mutilated, at Florence—the Alexander, and Bucephalus; and perhaps ſome others, which occur not to my memory. The paucity however of them, even if a longer catalogue could be produced, I think, ſhews that the ancient ſculptors conſidered the repreſentation of *ſpirited action* as an atchievement. The moderns have been leſs daring in attempting it. But I believe connoiſſeurs univerſally give the preference to thoſe ſtatues, in which the great maſters have ſo ſucceſsfully exhibited animated action.

Animal

Animal life, as well as human, is, in general, beautiful both in nature, and on canvas. We admire the horſe, as a *real object*; the elegance of his form; the ſtatelineſs of his tread; the ſpirit of all his motions; and the gloſſineſs of his coat. We admire him alſo in *repreſentation*. But as an object of picturesque beauty, we admire more the worn-out cart-horſe, the cow, the goat, or the aſs; whoſe harder lines, and rougher coats, exhibit more the graces of the pencil. For the truth of this we may examine Berghem's pictures: we may examine the ſmart touch of Roſa of Tivoli. The lion with his rough mane; the briſtly boar; and the ruffled plumage of the eagle*, are all objects of this kind. Smooth-coated

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* The idea of the *ruffled plumage of the eagle* is taken from the celebrated eagle of Pindar, in his firſt Pythian ode; which has exerciſed the pens of ſeveral poets; and is equally poetical, and pictureſque. He is introduced as an inſtance of the power of muſic. In Gray's ode on the progreſs of poeſy we have the following picture of him.

> Perching on the ſceptered hand
> Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
> With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
> Quenched in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
> The terror of his beak, and lightening of his eye.

Akenſide's

coated animals could not produce ſo pictureſque an effect.

But when the painter thus prefers the carthorſe, the cow, or the aſs to other objects *more beautiful in themſelves*, he does not certainly recommend his art to thoſe, whoſe love of beauty makes them anxiouſly ſeek, by what means it's fleeting forms may be fixed.

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Akenſide's picture of him, in his hymn to the Naiads, is rather a little ſtiffly painted.

——————————— With ſlackened wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent on the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the numbered notes
Poſſeſſed; and ſatiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds. ———————————

Weſt's picture, eſpecially the two laſt lines, is a very good one.

The bird's fierce monarch drops his vengeful ire,
Perched on the ſceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling power of harmony he feels
And indolently hangs his flagging wing;
While gentle ſleep his cloſing eyelid ſeals,
And o'er his heaving limbs, in looſe array,
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

Suggeſtions

Suggeſtions of this kind are ungrateful. The art of painting allows you all you wiſh. You deſire to have a beautiful object painted—your horſe, for inſtance, led out of the ſtable in all his pampered beauty. The art of painting is ready to accommodate you. You have the beautiful form you admired in nature exactly transferred to canvas. Be then ſatisfied. The art of painting has given you what you wanted. It is no injury to the beauty of your Arabian, if the painter think he could have given the graces of his art more forcibly to your cart-horſe.

But does it not depreciate his art, if he give up a beautiful form, for one leſs beautiful, merely becauſe he can give it *the graces of his art more forcibly*—becauſe it's ſharp lines afford him a greater facility of execution? Is the ſmart touch of a pencil the grand deſideratum of painting? Does he diſcover nothing in *pictureſque objects*, but qualities, which admit of being *rendered with ſpirit?*

I ſhould not vindicate him, if he did. At the ſame time, a free execution is ſo very faſcinating a part of painting, that we need not

not wonder, if the artiſt lay a great ſtreſs upon it.—It is not however intirely owing, as ſome imagine, to the difficulty of maſtering an elegant line, that he prefers a rough one. In part indeed this may be the caſe; for if an elegant line be not delicately hit off, it is the moſt inſipid of all lines: whereas in the deſcription of a rough object, an error in delineation is not eaſily ſeen. However this is not the whole of the matter. A free, bold touch is in itſelf pleaſing*. In elegant figures indeed there muſt be a delicate outline—at leaſt a line true to nature: yet the ſurfaces even of ſuch figures may be touched with freedom; and in the appendages of the compoſition there muſt be a mixture of rougher objects, or there will be a want of contraſt. In landſcape univerſally the rougher objects are admired; which give the freeſt ſcope to execution. If the pencil

* A ſtroke may be called *free*, when there is no appearance of conſtraint. It is *bold*, when a part is given for the whole, which it cannot fail of ſuggeſting. This is the laconiſm of genius. But ſometimes it may be free, and yet ſuggeſt only how eaſily a line, which means nothing, may be executed. Such a ſtroke is not *bold*, but *impudent*.

be timid, or heſitating, little beauty reſults. The execution then only is pleaſing, when the hand firm, and yet deciſive, freely touches the characteriſtic parts of each object.

If indeed, either in literary, or in pictureſque compoſition you endeavour to draw the reader, or the ſpectator from the *ſubject* to the *mode of executing* it, your affectation * diſguſts. At the ſame time, if ſome care, and pains be not beſtowed on the *execution*, your ſlovenlineſs diſguſts as much. Tho perhaps the artiſt has more to ſay, than the man of letters, for paying attention to his *execution*. A truth is a truth, whether delivered in the language of a philoſopher, or a peaſant: and the *intellect* receives it as ſuch. But the artiſt, who

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* Language, like light, is a medium; and the true philoſophic ſtile, like light from a north-window, exhibits objects clearly, and diſtinctly, without ſoliciting attention to itſelf. In painting ſubjects of amuſement indeed, language may gild ſomewhat more, and colour with the dies of fancy: but where information is of more importance, than entertainment, tho you cannot throw too *ſtrong* a light, you ſhould carefully avoid a *coloured* one. The ſtile of ſome writers reſembles a bright light placed between the eye, and the thing to be looked at. The light ſhews itſelf; and hides the object: and, it muſt be allowed, the execution of ſome painters is as impertinent, as the ſtile of ſuch writers.

deals

deals in lines, ſurfaces, and colours, which are an immediate addreſs to the *eye*, conceives the *very truth itſelf* concerned in his *mode* of repreſenting it. Guido's angel, and the angel on a ſign-poſt, are very different beings; but the whole of the difference conſiſts in an artful application of lines, ſurfaces, and colours.

It is not however merely for the ſake of his *execution*, that the artiſt values a rough object. He finds it in many other reſpects accommodated to his art. In the firſt place, his *compoſition* requires it. If the hiſtory-painter threw all his draperies ſmooth over his figures; his groups, and combinations would be very awkward. And in *landſcape-painting* ſmooth objects would produce no compoſition at all. In a mountain-ſcene what compoſition could ariſe from the corner of a ſmooth knoll coming forward on one ſide, interſected by a ſmooth knoll on the other; with a ſmooth plain perhaps in the middle, and a ſmooth mountain in the diſtance? The very idea is diſguſting. Picturesque compoſition conſiſts in uniting in one whole a variety of parts; and theſe parts can only be obtained from rough objects. If the ſmooth moun-

tains, and plains were broken by different objects, the compoſition might be good, on a ſuppoſition the great lines of it were ſo before.

*Variety* too is equally neceſſary in his compoſition: ſo is *contraſt*. Both theſe he finds in rough objects; and neither of them in ſmooth. Variety indeed, in ſome degree, he may find in the outline of a ſmooth object: but by no means enough to ſatisfy the eye, without including the ſurface alſo.

From *rough* objects alſo he ſeeks the *effect of light and ſhade*, which they are as well diſpoſed to produce, as they are the beauty of compoſition. One uniform light, or one uniform ſhade produces no effect. It is the various ſurfaces of objects, ſometimes turning to the light in one way, and ſometimes in another, that give the painter his choice of opportunities in maſſing, and graduating both his lights, and ſhades.—The *richneſs* alſo of the light depends on the breaks, and little receſſes, which it finds on the ſurfaces of bodies. What the painter calls *richneſs* on a ſurface, is only a variety of little parts; on which the light ſhining ſhews all it's ſmall inequalities, and roughneſſes; or in the

the painter's language, *inriches* it.——The beauty alſo of *catching lights* ariſes from the roughneſs of objects. What the painter calls a *catching light* is a ſtrong touch of light on ſome prominent part of a ſurface, while the reſt is in ſhadow. A ſmooth ſurface hath no ſuch prominences.

In *colouring* alſo, *rough* objects give the painter another advantage. Smooth bodies are commonly as uniform in their colour, as they are in their ſurface. In gloſſy objects, tho ſmooth, the colouring may ſometimes vary. In general however it is otherwiſe; in the objects of landſcape, particularly. The ſmooth ſide of a hill is generally of one uniform colour; while the fractured rock preſents it's grey ſurface, adorned with patches of greenſward running down it's guttered ſides; and the broken ground is every where varied with an okery tint, a grey gravel, or a leaden-coloured clay: ſo that in fact the rich colours of the ground ariſe generally from it's broken ſurface.

From ſuch reaſoning then we infer, that it is not merely for the ſake of his *execution*, that the painter prefers *rough* objects to *ſmooth*. The very eſſence of his art requires it.

As pictureſque beauty therefore ſo greatly depends on *rough* objects, are we to exclude every idea of *ſmoothneſs* from mixing with it? Are we ſtruck with no pleaſing image, when the lake is ſpread upon the canvas; the *marmoreum æquor*, pure, limpid, ſmooth, as the poliſhed mirror?

We acknowledge it to be pictureſque: but we muſt at the ſame time recollect, that, in fact, the ſmoothneſs of the lake is more in *reality*, than in *appearance*. Were it ſpread upon the canvas in one ſimple hue, it would certainly be a dull, fatiguing object. But to the eye it appears broken by ſhades of various kinds; by the undulations of the water; or by reflections from all the rough objects in it's neighbourhood.

It is thus too in other gloſſy bodies. Tho the horſe, in a *rough* ſtate as we have juſt obſerved, or worn down with labour, is more adapted to the pencil, than when his ſides ſhine with bruſhing, and high-feeding; yet in this latter ſtate alſo he is certainly a pictureſque object. But it is not his ſmooth, and ſhining coat, that makes him ſo. It is the apparent interruption of that ſmoothneſs by a variety of ſhades, and colours, which produces the

the effect. Such a play of muſcles appears, every where, through the fineneſs of his ſkin, gently ſwelling, and ſinking into each other—he is all over ſo *lubricus aſpici*, the reflections of light are ſo continually ſhifting upon him, and playing into each other, that the eye never conſiders the ſmoothneſs of the ſurface; but is amuſed with gliding up, and down, among thoſe endleſs tranſitions, which in ſome degree, ſupply the room of *roughneſs*.

It is thus too in the plumage of birds. Nothing can be ſofter, nothing ſmoother to the touch; and yet it is certainly pictureſque. But it is not the ſmoothneſs of the ſurface, which produces the effect—it is not this we admire: it is the breaking of the colours: it is the bright green, or purple, changing perhaps into a rich azure, or velvet black; from thence taking a ſemi-tint; and ſo on through all the varieties of colour. Or if the colours be not changeable, it is the harmony of them, which we admire in theſe elegant little touches of nature's pencil. The ſmoothneſs of the ſurface is only the ground of the colours. In itſelf we admire it no more, than we do the ſmoothneſs of the canvas, which receives the colours of the picture. Even the plumage of

the ſwan, which to the inaccurate obſerver appears only of one ſimple hue, is in fact varied with a thouſand ſoft ſhadows, and brilliant touches, at once diſcoverable to the pictureſque eye.

Thus too a piece of poliſhed marble may be pictureſque: but it is only, when the poliſh brings out beautiful veins, which in *appearance* break the ſurface by a variety of lines, and colours. Let the marble be perfectly white, and the effect vaniſhes. Thus alſo a mirror may have pictureſque beauty; but it is only from it's reflections. In an unreflecting ſtate, it is inſipid.

In ſtatuary we ſometimes ſee an inferior artiſt give his marble a gloſs, thinking to atone for his bad workmanſhip by his excellent poliſh. The effect ſhews in how ſmall a degree ſmoothneſs enters into the idea of the pictureſque. When the light plays on the ſhining coat of a pampered horſe, it plays among the lines, and muſcles of nature; and is therefore founded in truth. But the poliſh of marble-fleſh is unnatural*. The lights therefore

* On all human fleſh held between the eye and the light, there is a degree of poliſh. I ſpeak not here of ſuch a poliſh as

therefore are falſe; and ſmoothneſs being here one of the chief qualities to admire, we are diſguſted; and ſay, it makes bad, worſe.

After all, we mean not to aſſert, that even a ſimple ſmooth ſurface is in no ſituation pictureſque. In *contraſt* it certainly may be: nay in contraſt it is often neceſſary. The beauty of an old head is greatly improved by the ſmoothneſs of the bald pate; and the rougher parts of the rock muſt neceſſarily be ſet off with the ſmoother. But the point lies here: to make an object in a peculiar manner pictureſque, there *muſt be* a proportion of *roughneſs*; ſo much at leaſt, as to make an oppoſition; which in an object ſimply beautiful, is unneceſſary.

Some quibbling opponent may throw out, that wherever there is ſmoothneſs, there muſt alſo be roughneſs. The ſmootheſt plain conſiſts of many rougher parts; and the rougheſt rock of many ſmoother; and there is ſuch a variety of degrees in both, that it is hard to

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as this, which wrought marble always, in a degree, poſſeſſes, as well as human fleſh; but of the higheſt poliſh, which can be given to marble; and which has always a very bad effect. If I wanted an example, the buſt of arch-biſhop Boulter in Weſtminſter-abbey would afford a very glaring one.

ſay, where you have the preciſe ideas of *rough* and *ſmooth*.

To this it is enough, that the province of the picturesque eye is to *ſurvey nature*; not to *anatomize matter*. It throws it's glances around in the broad-caſt ſtile. It comprehends an extenſive tract at each ſweep. It examines *parts*, but never deſcends to *particles*.

Having thus from a variety of examples endeavoured to ſhew, that *roughneſs* either *real*, or *apparent*, forms an eſſential difference between the *beautiful*, and the *picturesque*; it may be expected, that we ſhould point out the reaſon of this difference. It is obvious enough, why the painter prefers *rough* objects to *ſmooth* *: but it is not ſo obvious, why the quality of *roughneſs* ſhould make an *eſſential difference* between objects of *beauty*, and objects ſuited to *artificial repreſentation*.

To this queſtion, we might anſwer, that the picturesque eye abhors art; and delights ſolely in nature: and that as art abounds with *regularity*, which is only another name

* See page 19, &c.

for

for *ſmoothneſs*; and the images of nature with *irregularity*, which is only another name for *roughneſs*, we have here a ſolution of our queſtion.

But is this ſolution ſatisfactory? I fear not. Tho art often abounds with regularity, it does not follow, that all art muſt neceſſarily do ſo. The picturesque eye, it is true, finds it's *chief* object in nature; but it delights alſo in the images of art, if they are marked with the characteriſtics, which it requires. *A painter's nature* is whatever he *imitates*; whether the object be what is commonly called natural, or artificial. Is there a greater ornament of landſcape, than the ruins of a caſtle? What painter rejects it, becauſe it is artificial?——What beautiful effects does Vandervelt produce from ſhipping? In the hands of ſuch a maſter it furniſhes almoſt as beautiful forms, as any in the whole circle of pictureſque objects?——And what could the hiſtory-painter do, without his draperies to combine, contraſt, and harmonize his figures? Uncloathed, they could never be grouped. How could he tell his ſtory, without arms; religious utenſils; and the rich furniture of banquets? Many of theſe contribute

tribute greatly to embelliſh his pictures with pleaſing ſhapes.

Shall we then ſeek the ſolution of our queſtion in the great foundation of pictureſque beauty? in the *happy union of ſimplicity and variety*; to which the *rough* ideas eſſentially contribute. An extended plain is a ſimple object. It is the continuation of only one uniform idea. But the mere *ſimplicity* of a plain produces no beauty. Break the ſurface of it, as you did your pleaſure-ground; add trees, rocks, and declivities; that is, give it *roughneſs*, and you give it alſo *variety*. Thus by inriching the *parts* of a united *whole* with *roughneſs*, you obtain the combined idea of *ſimplicity*, and *variety*; from whence reſults the pictureſque.——Is this a ſatisfactory anſwer to our queſtion?

By no means. *Simplicity and variety* are ſources of the *beautiful*, as well as of the *pictureſque*. Why does the architect break the front of his pile with ornaments? Is it not to add variety to ſimplicity? Even the very black-ſmith acknowledges this principle by forming ringlets, and bulbous circles on his tongs, and pokers. In nature it is the ſame; and your plain will juſt as much be

be improved *in reality* by breaking it, as *upon canvas*.——In a garden-ſcene the idea is different. There every object is of the neat, and elegant kind. What is otherwiſe, is inharmonious; and *roughneſs* would be diſorder.

Shall we then change our ground; and ſeek an anſwer to our queſtion in the nature of the art of painting? As it is an art *ſtrictly imitative*, thoſe objects will of courſe appear moſt advantageouſly to the pictureſque eye, which are the moſt eaſily imitated. The ſtronger the features are, the ſtronger will be the effect of imitation; and as rough objects have the ſtrongeſt features, they will conſequently, when repreſented, appear to moſt advantage.——Is this anſwer more ſatisfactory?

Very little, in truth. Every painter, knows that a ſmooth object may be as eaſily, and as well imitated, as a rough one.

Shall we then take an oppoſite ground, and ſay juſt the reverſe (as men preſſed with difficulties will ſay any thing) that painting is *not* an art *ſtrictly imitative*, but rather *deceptive* —that by an aſſemblage of colours, and a peculiar art in ſpreading them, the painter gives a ſemblance of nature at a proper diſtance; which at hand, is quite another thing —that

—that thoſe objects, which we call pictureſque, are only ſuch as are more adapted to this art —and that as this art is moſt concealed in rough touches, rough objects are of courſe the moſt pictureſque.——Have we now attained a ſatisfactory account of the matter?

Juſt as much ſo, as before. Many painters of note did not uſe the rough ſtile of painting; and yet their pictures are as admirable, as the pictures of thoſe, who did: nor are rough objects leſs pictureſque on their canvas, than on the canvas of others: that is, they paint rough objects ſmoothly.

Thus foiled, ſhould we in the true ſpirit of inquiry, perſiſt; or honeſtly give up the cauſe, and own we cannot ſearch out the ſource of this difference? I am afraid this is the truth, whatever airs of dogmatizing we may aſſume. Inquiries into *principles* rarely end in ſatisfaction. Could we even gain ſatisfaction in our preſent queſtion, new doubts would ariſe. The very firſt principles of our art would be queſtioned. Difficulties would ſtart up *veſtibulum ante ipſum*. We ſhould be aſked, What is beauty? What is taſte?——Let us ſtep aſide a moment, and liſten to the debates of the learned on theſe heads. They will at leaſt

ſhew

ſhew us, that however we may wiſh to fix *principles*, our inquiries are ſeldom ſatisfactory.

One philoſopher will tell us, that taſte is only the improvement of our own ideas. Every man has naturally his proportion of taſte. The ſeeds of it are innate. All depends on cultivation.

Another philoſopher following the analogy of nature, obſerves, that as all mens faces are different, we may well ſuppoſe their minds to be ſo likewiſe. He rejects the idea therefore of innate taſte; and in the room of this makes *utility* the ſtandard both of taſte, and beauty.

Another philoſopher thinks the idea of *utility* as abſurd, as the laſt did that of *innate taſte*. What, cries he, can I not admire the beauty of a reſplendent ſun-ſet, till I have inveſtigated the *utility* of that peculiar radiance in the atmoſphere? He then wiſhes we had a little leſs philoſophy among us, and a little more common ſenſe. *Common ſenſe* is deſpiſed like other common things: but, in his opinion, if we made *common ſenſe* the criterion in matters of art, as well as ſcience, we ſhould be nearer the truth.

A fourth

A fourth philoſopher apprehends *common ſenſe* to be our ſtandard only in the ordinary affairs of life. The bounty of nature has furniſhed us with various other ſenſes ſuited to the objects, among which we converſe: and with regard to matters of taſte, it has ſupplied us with what, he doubts not, we all feel within ourſelves, *a ſenſe of beauty*.

Pooh! ſays another learned inquirer, what is a *ſenſe of beauty? Senſe* is a vague idea, and ſo is *beauty*; and it is impoſſible that any thing determined can reſult from terms ſo inaccurate. But if we lay aſide a *ſenſe of beauty*, and adopt *proportion*, we ſhall all be right. *Proportion* is the great principle of taſte, and beauty. We admit it both in lines, and colours; and indeed refer all our ideas of the elegant kind to it's ſtandard.

True, ſays an admirer of the antique; but this proportion muſt have a rule, or we gain nothing: and a *rule of proportion* there certainly is: but we may inquire after it in vain. The ſecret is loſt. The ancients had it. They well knew the principles of beauty; and had that unerring rule, which in all things adjuſted their taſte. We ſee it even in their ſlighteſt vaſes. In *their* works, proportion, tho varied through

through a thouſand lines, is ſtill the ſame; and if we could only diſcover their *principles of proportion*, we ſhould have the arcanum of this ſcience; and might ſettle all our diſputes about taſte, with great eaſe.

Thus, in our inquiries into *firſt principles*, we go on, without end, and without ſatisfaction. The human underſtanding is unequal to the ſearch. In philoſophy we inquire for them in vain—in phyſics—in metaphyſics—in morals. Even in the polite arts, where the ſubject, one ſhould imagine, is leſs recondite, the inquiry, we find, is equally vague. We are puzzled, and bewildered; but not informed; all is uncertainty; a ſtrife of words; the old conteſt,

Empedocles, an Stertinii deliret acumen?

In a word, if *a cauſe be ſufficiently underſtood*, it may ſuggeſt uſeful diſcoveries. But if it be *not ſo* (and where is our certainty in theſe diſquiſitions) it will unqueſtionably *miſlead*.

END OF THE FIRST ESSAY.

AS the ſubject of the foregoing eſſay is rather new, and I doubted, whether ſufficiently founded in truth, I was deſirous, before I printed it, that it ſhould receive the *imprimatur* of ſir Joſhua Reynolds. I begged him therefore to look it over, and received the following anſwer.

London,
April 19th, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

Tho I read now but little, yet I have read with great attention the eſſay, which you was ſo good to put into my hands, on the difference between the *beautiful*, and the *picturesque*; and I may truly ſay, I have received from it much pleaſure, and improvement.

Without oppoſing any of your ſentiments, it has ſuggeſted an idea, that may be worth conſideration—whether the epithet *picturesque* is not applicable to the excellences of the inferior ſchools, rather than to the higher. The

The works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c. appear to me to have nothing of it; whereas Reubens, and the Venetian painters may almoſt be ſaid to have nothing elſe.

Perhaps *pictureſque* is ſomewhat ſynonymous to the word *taſte*; which we ſhould think improperly applied to Homer, or Milton, but very well to Pope, or Prior. I ſuſpect that the application of theſe words are to excellences of an inferior order; and which are incompatible with the grand ſtile.

You are certainly right in ſaying, that variety of tints and forms is pictureſque; but it muſt be remembered, on the other hand, that the reverſe of this—(uniformity of colour, and a long continuation of lines,) produces grandeur.

I had an intention of pointing out the paſſages, that particularly ſtruck me; but I was afraid to uſe my eyes ſo much.

The eſſay has lain upon my table; and I think no day has paſſed without my looking at it, reading a little at a time. Whatever objections preſented themſelves at firſt view,* were

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* Sir Joſhua Reynolds had ſeen this eſſay, ſeveral years ago, through Mr. Maſon, who ſhewed it to him. He then made

were done away on a closer inspection: and I am not quite sure, but that is the case in regard to the observation, which I have ventured to make on the word *picturesque*.

I am, &c.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

To the rev^d. Mr. Gilpin,
Vicar's-hill.

THE ANSWER.

May 2d, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for looking over my essay at a time, when the complaint in your eyes must have made an intrusion of this kind troublesome. But as the subject was rather novel, I wished much for your sanction; and you have given it me in as flattering a manner, as I could wish.

With regard to the term *picturesque*, I have always myself used it merely to denote *such objects, as are proper subjects for painting:*

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some objections to it: particularly he thought, that the term *picturesque*, should be applied only to the *works of nature*. His concession here is an instance of that candour, which is a very remarkable part of his character; and which is generally one of the distinguishing marks of true genius.

so

ſo that, according to *my definition*, one of the cartoons, and a flower piece are equally pictureſque.

I think however I underſtand your idea of extending the term to what may be called *taſte in painting*—or the art of faſcinating the eye by ſplendid colouring, and artificial combinations; which the inferior ſchools valued; and the dignity of the higher perhaps deſpiſed. But I have ſeen ſo little of the higher ſchools, that I ſhould be very ill able to carry the ſubject farther by illuſtrating a diſquiſition of this kind. Except the cartoons, I never ſaw a picture of Raphael's, that anſwered my idea; and of the original works of Michael Angelo I have little conception.

But tho I am unable, through ignorance, to appreciate fully the grandeur of the Roman ſchool, I have at leaſt the pleaſure to find I have always held as a principle your idea of the production of greatneſs by *uniformity of colour, and a long continuation of line:* and when I ſpeak of *variety*, I certainly do not mean to confound it's effects with thoſe of *grandeur*.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM GILPIN.

To ſir Joſhua Reynolds,
Leiceſter-ſquare.

# ESSAY II.

ON

# PICTURESQUE TRAVEL.

# ESSAY II.

ENOUGH has been ſaid to ſhew the difficulty of *aſſigning cauſes:* let us then take another courſe, and amuſe ourſelves with *ſearching after effects.* This is the general intention of pictureſque travel. We mean not to bring it into competition with any of the more uſeful ends of travelling. But as many travel without any end at all, amuſing themſelves without being able to give a reaſon why they are amuſed, we offer an end, which may poſſibly engage ſome vacant minds; and may indeed afford a rational amuſement to ſuch as travel for more important purpoſes.

In treating of pictureſque travel, we may conſider firſt it's *object*; and ſecondly it's ſources of *amuſement.*

It's

It's *object* is beauty of every kind, which either art, or nature can produce: but it is chiefly that ſpecies of *beauty*, which we have endeavoured to characterize in the preceding eſſay under the name of *pictureſque*. This great object we purſue through the ſcenery of nature. We ſeek it among all the ingredients of landſcape——trees——rocks——broken-grounds——woods——rivers——lakes——plains——vallies——mountains——and diſtances. Theſe objects *in themſelves* produce infinite variety. No two rocks, or trees are exactly the ſame. They are varied, a ſecond time, by *combination*; and almoſt as much, a third time, by different *lights, and ſhades*, and other aerial effects. Sometimes we find among them the exhibition of *a whole*; but oftener we find only beautiful *parts**.

That we may examine pictureſque objects with more eaſe, it may be uſeful to claſs them into the *ſublime*, and the *beautiful*; tho, in fact, this diſtinction is rather inaccurate.

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* As ſome of theſe topics have been occaſionally mentioned in other pictureſque works, which the author has given the public, they are here touched very ſlightly: only the ſubject required they ſhould be brought together.

*Sublimity*

*Sublimity alone* cannot make an object *picturesque*. However grand the mountain, or the rock may be, it has no claim to this epithet, unless it's form, it's colour, or it's accompaniments have *some degree of beauty*. Nothing can be more sublime, than the ocean: but wholly unaccompanied, it has little of the picturesque. When we talk therefore of a sublime object, we always understand, that it is also beautiful: and we call it sublime, or beautiful, only as the ideasof sublimity, or of simple beauty prevail.

The *curious*, and *fantastic* forms of nature are by no means the favourite objects of the lovers of landscape. There may be beauty in a *curious* object; and so far it may be picturesque: but we cannot admire it merely for the sake of it's curiosity. The *lusus naturæ* is the naturalist's province, not the painter's. The spiry pinnacles of the mountain, and the castle-like arrangement of the rock, give no peculiar pleasure to the picturesque eye. It is fond of the simplicity of nature; and sees most beauty in her *most usual* forms. The *Giant's causeway* in Ireland may strike it as a novelty; but the lake of Killarney attracts it's attention. It would range with supreme delight

delight among the ſweet vales of Switzerland; but would view only with a tranſient glance, the Glaciers of Savoy. Scenes of this kind, as unuſual, may pleaſe *once*; but the great works of nature, in her ſimpleſt and pureſt ſtile, open inexhauſted ſprings of amuſement.

But it is not only the *form*, and the *compoſition* of the objects of landſcape, which the pictureſque eye examines; it connects them with the atmoſphere, and ſeeks for all thoſe various effects, which are produced from that vaſt, and wonderful ſtorehouſe of nature. Nor is there in travelling a greater pleaſure, than when a ſcene of grandeur burſts unexpectedly upon the eye, accompanied with ſome accidental circumſtance of the atmoſphere, which harmonizes with it, and gives it double value.

Beſides the *inanimate* face of nature, it's *living forms* fall under the pictureſque eye, in the courſe of travel; and are often objects of great attention. The anatomical ſtudy of figures is not attended to: we regard them merely as the ornament of ſcenes. In the human figure we contemplate neither *exactneſs of form*; nor *expreſſion*, any farther than it is ſhewn in *action*: we merely conſider general ſhapes, dreſſes, groups, and occupations; which

we

we often find *caſually* in greater variety, and beauty, than any ſelection can procure.

In the ſame manner animals are the objects of our attention, whether we find them in the park, the foreſt, or the field. Here too we conſider little more, than their general forms, actions, and combinations. Nor is the pictureſque eye ſo faſtidious as to deſpiſe even leſs conſiderable objects. A flight of birds has often a pleaſing effect. In ſhort, every form of life, and being may have it's uſe as a pictureſque object, till it become too ſmall for attention.

But the pictureſque eye is not merely reſtricted to nature. It ranges through the limits of art. The picture, the ſtatue, and the garden are all the objects of it's attention. In the embelliſhed pleaſure-ground particularly, tho all is neat, and elegant—far too neat and elegant for the uſe of the pencil; yet, if it be well laid out, it exhibits the *lines*, and *principles* of landſcape; and is well worth the ſtudy of the pictureſque traveller. Nothing is wanting, but what his imagination can ſupply—a change from ſmooth to rough*.

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* See page 8.

But

But among all the objects of art, the picturesque eye is perhaps most inquisitive after the elegant relics of ancient architecture; the ruined tower, the Gothic arch, the remains of castles, and abbeys. These are the richest legacies of art. They are consecrated by time; and almost deserve the veneration we pay to the works of nature itself.

Thus universal are the objects of picturesque travel. We pursue *beauty* in every shape; through nature, through art; and all it's various arrangements in form, and colour; admiring it in the grandest objects, and not rejecting it in the humblest.

After the *objects* of picturesque travel, we consider it's *sources of amusement*—or in what way the mind is gratified by these objects.

We might begin in moral stile; and consider the objects of nature in a higher light, than merely as amusement. We might observe, that a search after beauty should naturally lead the mind to the great origin of all beauty; to the

——————— first good, first perfect, and first fair.

But

But tho in theory this ſeems a natural climax, we inſiſt the leſs upon it, as in fact we have ſcarce ground to hope, that every admirer of *picturesque beauty*, is an admirer alſo of the *beauty of virtue*; and that every lover of nature reflects, that

> Nature is but a name for an *effect*,
> Whoſe *cauſe* is God. ———————

If however the admirer of nature can turn his amuſements to a higher purpoſe; if it's great ſcenes can inſpire him with religious awe; or it's tranquil ſcenes with that complacency of mind, which is ſo nearly allied to benevolence, it is certainly the better. *Apponat lucro.* It is ſo much into the bargain; for we dare not *promiſe* him more from picturesque travel, than a rational, and agreeable amuſement. Yet even this may be of ſome uſe in an age teeming with licentious pleaſure; and may in this light at leaſt be conſidered as having a moral tendency.

The firſt ſource of amuſement to the picturesque traveller, is the *purſuit* of his object—the expectation of new ſcenes continually opening, and ariſing to his view. We ſuppoſe the country to have been unexplored. Under this circumſtance the mind is kept conſtantly in an agreeable

agreeable ſuſpence. The love of novelty is the foundation of this pleaſure. Every diſtant horizon promiſes ſomething new; and with this pleaſing expectation we follow nature through all her walks. We purſue her from hill to dale; and hunt after thoſe various beauties, with which ſhe every where abounds.

The pleaſures of the chace are univerſal. A hare ſtarted before dogs is enough to ſet a whole country in an uproar. The plough, and the ſpade are deſerted. Care is left behind; and every human faculty is dilated with joy.—And ſhall we ſuppoſe it a greater pleaſure to the ſportſman to purſue a trivial animal, than it is to the man of taſte to purſue the beauties of nature? to follow her through all her receſſes? to obtain a ſudden glance, as ſhe flits paſt him in ſome airy ſhape? to trace her through the mazes of the cover? to wind after her along the vale? or along the reaches of the river.

After the purſuit we are gratified with the *attainment* of the object. Our amuſement, on this head, ariſes from the employment of the mind in examining the beautiful ſcenes we have found. Sometimes we examine them under the idea of a *whole:* we admire the compoſition,

poſition, the colouring, and the light, in one *comprehenſive view*. When we are fortunate enough to fall in with ſcenes of this kind, we are highly delighted. But as we have leſs frequent opportunities of being thus gratified, we are more commonly employed in analyzing the *parts of ſcenes*; which may be exquiſitely beautiful, tho unable to produce a whole. We examine what would amend the compoſition; how little is wanting to reduce it to the rules of our art; how trifling a circumſtance ſometimes forms the limit between beauty, and deformity. Or we compare the objects before us with other objects of the ſame kind:—or perhaps we compare them with the imitations of art. From all theſe operations of the mind reſults great amuſement.

But it is not from this *ſcientifical* employment, that we derive our chief pleaſure. We are moſt delighted, when ſome grand ſcene, tho perhaps of incorrect compoſition, riſing before the eye, ſtrikes us beyond the power of thought—when the *vox faucibus hæret*; and every mental operation is ſuſpended. In this pauſe of intellect; this *deliquium* of the ſoul, an enthuſiaſtic ſenſation of pleaſure overſpreads

 it,

it, previous to any examination by the rules of art. The general idea of the ſcene makes an impreſſion, before any appeal is made to the judgment. We rather *feel*, than *ſurvey* it.

This high delight is generally indeed produced by the ſcenes of nature; yet ſometimes by artificial objects. Here and there a capital picture will raiſe theſe emotions: but oftener the rough ſketch of a capital maſter. This has ſometimes an aſtoniſhing effect on the mind; giving the imagination an opening into all thoſe glowing ideas, which inſpired the artiſt; and which the imagination *only* can tranſlate. In general however the works of art affect us coolly; and allow the eye to criticize at leiſure.

Having gained by a minute examination of incidents a compleat idea of an object, our next amuſement ariſes from inlarging, and correcting our general ſtock of ideas. The variety of nature is ſuch, that *new objects*, and new combinations of them, are continually adding ſomething to our fund, and inlarging our collection: while the *ſame kind of object* occurring frequently, is ſeen under various ſhapes; and makes us, if I may ſo ſpeak, more learned in nature. We get it more by heart.

He

He who has ſeen only one oak-tree, has no compleat idea of an oak in general: but he who has examined thouſands of oak-trees, muſt have ſeen that beautiful plant in all it's varieties; and obtains a full, and compleat idea of it.

From this correct knowledge of objects ariſes another amuſement; that of repreſenting, by a few ſtrokes in a ſketch, thoſe ideas, which have made the moſt impreſſion upon us. A few ſcratches, like a ſhort-hand ſcrawl of our own, legible at leaſt to ourſelves, will ſerve to raiſe in our minds the remembrance of the beauties they humbly repreſent; and recal to our memory even the ſplendid colouring, and force of light, which exiſted in the real ſcene. Some naturaliſts ſuppoſe, the act of ruminating, in animals, to be attended with more pleaſure, than the act of groſſer maſtication. It may be ſo in travelling alſo. There may be more pleaſure in recollecting, and recording, from a few tranſient lines, the ſcenes we have admired, than in the preſent enjoyment of them. If the ſcenes indeed have *peculiar greatneſs*, this ſecondary pleaſure cannot be attended with thoſe enthuſiaſtic feelings, which accompanied the real exhibition. But, in

general, tho it may be a calmer ſpecies of pleaſure, it is more uniform, and uninterrupted. It flatters us too with the idea of a ſort of creation of our own; and it is unallayed with that fatigue, which is often a conſiderable abatement to the pleaſures of traverſing the wild, and ſavage parts of nature.——After we have amuſed *ourſelves* with our ſketches, if we can, in any degree, contribute to the amuſement of others alſo, the pleaſure is ſurely ſo much inhanced.

There is ſtill another amuſement ariſing from the correct knowledge of objects; and that is the power of creating, and repreſenting *ſcenes of fancy*; which is ſtill more a work of creation, than copying from nature. The imagination becomes a camera obſcura, only with this difference, that the camera repreſents objects as they really are: while the imagination, impreſſed with the moſt beautiful ſcenes, and chaſtened by rules of art, forms it's pictures, not only from the moſt admirable parts of nature; but in the beſt taſte.

Some artiſts, when they give their imagination play, let it looſe among uncommon ſcenes—ſuch as perhaps never exiſted: whereas the nearer they approach the ſimple ſtandard of

of nature, in it's moſt beautiful forms, the more admirable their fictions will appear. It is thus in writing romances. The correct taſte cannot bear thoſe unnatural ſituations, in which heroes, and heroines are often placed: whereas a ſtory, *naturally*, and of courſe *affectingly* told, either with a pen, or a pencil, tho known to be a fiction, is conſidered as a tranſcript from nature; and takes poſſeſſion of the heart. The *marvellous* diſguſts the ſober imagination; which is gratified only with the pure characters of nature.

——————————Beauty beſt is taught
By thoſe, the favoured few, whom heaven has lent
The power to ſeize, ſelect, and reunite
Her lovelieſt features; and of theſe to form
One archetype compleat, of ſovereign grace.
Here nature ſees her faireſt forms more fair;
Owns them as hers, yet owns herſelf excelled
By what herſelf produced.——————————

But if we are unable to embody our ideas even in a humble ſketch, yet ſtill a ſtrong *impreſſion of nature* will enable us to judge of the *works of art*. Nature is the archetype. The ſtronger therefore the impreſſion, the better the judgment.

We are, in ſome degree, alſo amuſed by the very viſions of fancy itſelf. Often, when ſlumber has half-cloſed the eye, and ſhut out all the objects of ſenſe, eſpecially after the enjoyment of ſome ſplendid ſcene; the imagination, active, and alert, collects it's ſcattered ideas, tranſpoſes, combines, and ſhifts them into a thouſand forms, producing ſuch exquiſite ſcenes, ſuch ſublime arrangements, ſuch glow, and harmony of colouring, ſuch brilliant lights, ſuch depth, and clearneſs of ſhadow, as equally foil deſcription, and every attempt of artificial colouring.

It may perhaps be objected to the pleaſureable circumſtances, which are thus ſaid to attend pictureſque travel, that we meet as many diſguſting, as pleaſing objects; and the man of taſte therefore will be as often offended, as amuſed.

But this is not the caſe. There are few parts of nature, which do not yield a pictureſque eye ſome amuſement.

——————————Believe the muſe,
She does not know that unauſpicious ſpot,
Where beauty is thus niggard of her ſtore.

Believe

Believe the muſe, through this terreſtrial waſte
The ſeeds of grace are ſown, profuſely ſown,
Even where we leaſt may hope.———

It is true, when ſome large tract of barren country *interrupts* our expectation, wound up in queſt of any particular ſcene of grandeur, or beauty, we are apt to be a little peeviſh; and to expreſs our diſcontent in haſty exaggerated phraſe. But when there is no diſappointment in the caſe, even ſcenes the moſt barren of beauty, will furniſh amuſement.

Perhaps no part of England comes more under this deſcription, than that tract of barren country, through which the great military road paſſes from Newcaſtle to Carliſle. It is a waſte, with little interruption, through a ſpace of forty miles. But even here, we have always ſomething to amuſe the eye. The interchangeable patches of heath, and green-ſward make an agreeable variety. Often too on theſe vaſt tracts of interſecting grounds we ſee beautiful lights, ſoftening off along the ſides of hills: and often we ſee them adorned with cattle, flocks of ſheep, heath-cocks, grous, plover, and flights of other wild-fowl. A group of cattle, ſtanding in

the ſhade on the edge of a dark hill, and relieved by a lighter diſtance beyond them, will often make a compleat picture without any other accompaniment. In many other ſituations alſo we find them wonderfully pleaſing; and capable of making pictures amidſt all the deficiences of landſcape. Even a winding road itſelf is an object of beauty; while the richneſs of the heath on each ſide, with the little hillocs, and crumbling earth give many an excellent leſſon for a foreground. When we have no opportunity of examining the *grand ſcenery* of nature, we have every where at leaſt the means of obſerving with what a *multiplicity of parts*, and yet with what *general ſimplicity*, ſhe covers every ſurface.

But if we let the *imagination* looſe, even ſcenes like theſe, adminiſter great amuſement. The imgination can plant hills; can form rivers, and lakes in vallies; can build caſtles, and abbeys; and if it find no other amuſement, can dilate itſelf in vaſt ideas of ſpace.

But altho the pictureſque traveller is ſeldom diſappointed with *pure nature*, however rude,

yet

yet we cannot deny, but he is often offended with the productions of art. He is diſguſted with the formal ſeparations of property—with houſes, and towns, the haunts of men, which have much oftener a bad effect in landſcape, than a good one. He is frequently diſguſted alſo, when art aims more at beauty, than ſhe ought. How flat, and inſipid is often the garden-ſcene! how puerile, and abſurd! the banks of the river how ſmooth, and parrallel! the lawn, and it's boundaries, how unlike nature! Even in the capital collection of pictures, how ſeldom does he find *deſign*, *compoſition*, *expreſſion*, *character*, or *harmony* either in *light*, or *colouring!* and how often does he drag through ſaloons, and rooms of ſtate, only to hear a catalogue of the names of maſters!

The more refined our taſte grows from the *ſtudy of nature*, the more inſipid are the *works of art*. Few of it's efforts pleaſe. The idea of the great original is ſo ſtrong, that the copy muſt be pure, if it do not diſguſt. But the varieties of nature's charts are ſuch, that, ſtudy them as we can, new varieties will always ariſe: and let our taſte be ever ſo refined, her works, on which it is formed

formed (at leaſt when we conſider them as *objects*,) muſt always go beyond it; and furniſh freſh ſources both of pleaſure and amuſement.

END OF THE SECOND ESSAY.

# ESSAY III.

ON

# THE ART OF SKETCHING LANDSCAPE.

# ESSAY III.

THE *art of ſketching* is to the pictureſque traveller, what the art of writing is to the ſcholar. Each is equally neceſſary to *fix* and *communicate* it's reſpective ideas.

Sketches *are* either taken from the *imagination*, or from *nature*.——When the *imaginary ſketch* proceeds from the hands of a maſter, it is very valuable. It is his firſt conception; which is commonly the ſtrongeſt, and the moſt brilliant. The imagination of a painter, really great in his profeſſion, is a magazine abounding with all the elegant forms, and ſtriking effects, which are to be found in nature. Theſe, like a magician, he calls up at pleaſure with a wave of his hand; bringing before the eye, ſometimes a ſcene from hiſtory, or romance;

mance; and ſometimes from the inanimate parts of nature. And in theſe happy moments, when the enthuſiaſm of his art is upon him, he often produces from the glow of his imagination, with a few bold ſtrokes, ſuch wonderful effuſions of genius, as the more ſober, and correct productions of his pencil cannot equal.

It will always however be underſtood, that ſuch ſketches muſt be *examined* alſo by an eye *learned in the art*, and accuſtomed to pictureſque ideas—an eye, that can take up the half-formed images, as the maſter leaves them; give them a new creation; and make up all that is not expreſſed from it's own ſtore-houſe. ——I ſhall however dwell no longer on *imaginary ſketching*, as it hath but little relation to my preſent ſubject. Let me only add, that altho this eſſay is meant chiefly to aſſiſt the pictureſque traveller in taking *views from nature*, the method recommended, as far as it relates to *execution*, may equally be applied to *imaginary ſketches*.

Your intention in taking *views from nature*, may either be to *fix them in your own memory*

——or

——or to *convey, in ſome degree, your ideas to others.*

With regard to the former, when you meet a ſcene you wiſh to ſketch, your firſt conſideration is to get it in the beſt point of view. A few paces to the right, or left, make a great difference. The ground, which folds awkwardly here, appears to fold more eaſily there: and that long black curtain of the caſtle, which is ſo unpleaſing a circumſtance, as you ſtand on one ſide, is agreeably broken by a buttreſs on another.

Having thus fixed your point of view, your next conſideration, is, how to reduce it properly within the compaſs of your paper: for the ſcale of *nature* being ſo very different from *your* ſcale, it is a matter of difficulty, without ſome experience, to make them coincide. If the landſcape before you is extenſive, take care you do not include too much: it may perhaps be divided more commodiouſly into two ſketches.——When you have fixed the portion of it, you mean to take, fix next on two or three principal points, which you may juſt mark on your paper. This will enable you the more eaſily to aſcertain the relative ſituation of the ſeveral objects.

In ſketching, black-lead is the firſt inſtrument commonly uſed. Nothing glides ſo volubly over paper, and executes an idea ſo quickly.—It has beſides, another advantage; it's grey tint correſponds better with a waſh, than black, or red chalk, or any other paſtile. —It admits alſo of eaſy correction.

The virtue of theſe haſty, black-lead ſketches conſiſts in catching readily the *characteriſtic features* of a ſcene. Light and ſhade are not attended to. It is enough if you expreſs *general ſhapes*; and the relations, which the ſeveral interſections of a country bear to each other. A few lines drawn on the ſpot, will do this. "Half a word, ſays Mr. Gray, fixed on, or near the ſpot, is worth all our recollected ideas. When we truſt to the picture, that objects draw of themſelves on the mind, we deceive ourſelves. Without accurate, and particular obſervation, it is but ill-drawn at firſt: the outlines are ſoon blurred: the colours every day grow fainter; and at laſt, when we would produce it to any body, we are obliged to ſupply it's defects with

with a few ſtrokes of our own imagination.*"— What Mr. Gray ſays relates chiefly to *verbal* deſcription: but in *lineal* deſcription it is equally true. The leading ideas muſt be fixed on the ſpot: if left to the memory, they ſoon evaporate.

The lines of black-lead, and indeed of any *one* inſtrument, are ſubject to the great inconvenience of *confounding diſtances*. If there are two, or three diſtances in the landſcape, as each of them is expreſſed by the *ſame kind* of line, the eye forgets the diſtinction, even in half a day's travelling; and all is confuſion. To remedy this, a few written references, made on the ſpot, are neceſſary, if the landſcape be at all complicated. The traveller ſhould be accurate in this point, as the ſpirit of his view depends much on the proper obſervance of diſtances.——At his firſt leiſure however he will review his ſketch; add a few ſtrokes with a pen, to mark the near grounds; and by a ſlight waſh of Indian ink, throw in a few general lights, and ſhades, to keep all fixed, and in it's place.——A ſketch

* Letter to Mr. Palgrave, page 272, 4to.

need not be carried farther, when it is intended merely to *aſſiſt our own memory*.

But when a ſketch is intended *to convey in ſome degree, our ideas to others*, it is neceſſary, that it ſhould be ſomewhat more adorned. To *us* the ſcene, familiar to our recollection, may be ſuggeſted by a few rough ſtrokes: but if you wiſh to raiſe the idea, *where none exiſted before*, and to do it *agreeably*, there ſhould be ſome *compoſition* in your ſketch—a degree of *correctneſs, and expreſſion* in the out-line—and ſome *effect of light*. A little *ornament* alſo from figures, and other circumſtances may be introduced. In ſhort, it ſhould be ſo far dreſſed, as to give ſome idea of a picture. I call this an *adorned ſketch*; and ſhould ſketch nothing, that was not *capable* of being thus dreſſed. An unpictureſque aſſemblage of objects; and, in general, all untractable ſubjects, if it be neceſſary to repreſent them, may be given as plans, rather than as pictures.

In the firſt place, I ſhould adviſe the traveller by no means to work his *adorned ſketch* upon

upon his *original one*. His firſt ſketch is the ſtandard, to which, in the abſence of nature, he muſt at leaſt recur for his *general ideas*. By going over it again, the original ideas may be loſt, and the whole thrown into confuſion. Great maſters therefore always ſet a high value on their ſketches from nature. On the ſame principle the pictureſque traveller preſerves his original ſketch, tho in itſelf of little value, to keep him within proper bounds.

This matter being ſettled, and the *adorned ſketch* begun anew, the firſt point is to fix the *compoſition*.

But the *compoſition*, you ſay, is already fixed by the *original ſketch*.

It is true: but ſtill it may admit many little alterations, by which the forms of objects may be aſſiſted; and yet the reſemblance not disfigured: as the ſame piece of muſic, performed by different maſters, and graced variouſly by each, may yet continue ſtill the ſame. We muſt ever recollect that nature is moſt defective in compoſition; and *muſt* be a little aſſiſted. Her ideas are too vaſt for pictureſque uſe, without the reſtraint of rules. Liberties however with

truth muſt be taken with caution: tho at the ſame time a diſtinction may be made between an *object*, and a *ſcene*. If I give the ſtriking features of the *caſtle*, or *abbey*, which is my *object*, I may be allowed ſome little liberty in bringing appendages (which are not eſſential features) within the rules of my art. But in a *ſcene*, the whole view becomes the portrait; and if I flatter here, I muſt flatter with delicacy.

But whether I repreſent an *object*, or a *ſcene*, I hold myſelf at perfect liberty, in the firſt place, to diſpoſe the *foreground* as I pleaſe; reſtrained only by the analogy of the country. I take up a tree here, and plant it there. I pare a knoll, or make an addition to it. I remove a piece of paling—a cottage—a wall—or any removeable object, which I diſlike. In ſhort, I do not ſo much mean to exact a liberty of introducing what does not exiſt; as of making a few of thoſe ſimple variations, of which all ground is eaſily ſuſceptible, and which time itſelf indeed is continually making. All this my art exacts:

> She rules the foreground; ſhe can ſwell, or ſink
> It's ſurface; here her leafy ſkreen oppoſe,
> And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,

And

And croud them there in one promiſcuous gloom,
As beſt befits the genius of the ſcene.

The foreground indeed is a mere ſpot, compared with the extenſion of diſtance: in itſelf it is of trivial conſequence; and cannot well be called a *feature of the ſcene*. And yet, tho ſo little eſſential in *giving a likeneſs*, it is more ſo than any other part in *forming a compoſition*. It reſembles thoſe deep tones in muſic, which give a value to all the lighter parts; and harmonize the whole.

As the foreground therefore is of ſo much conſequence, *begin* your *adorned ſketch* with fixing this very material part. It is eaſier to aſcertain the ſituation of your foreground, as it lies ſo near the bottom of your paper, than any other part; and this will tend to regulate every thing elſe. In your rough ſketch it has probably been inaccurately thrown in. You could not ſo eaſily aſcertain it, till you had gotten all your landſcape together. You might have carried it too high on your paper; or have brought it too low. As you have now the general ſcheme of your landſcape before you, you may adjuſt it properly; and give it it's due proportion. ——I ſhall add only, on the ſubject of fore-

 grounds,

grounds, that you need not be very nice in finiſhing them, even when you mean to *adorn* your ſketches. In a finiſhed picture the foreground is a matter of great nicety: but in a ſketch little more is neceſſary, than to produce the effect you deſire.

Having fixed you foreground, you conſider in the ſame way, tho with more caution, the other parts of your *compoſition*. In a *haſty tranſcript* from nature, it is ſufficient to take the lines of the country juſt as you find them: but in your *adorned ſketch* you muſt grace them a little, where they run falſe. You muſt contrive to hide offenſive parts with wood; to cover ſuch as are too bald, with buſhes; and to remove little objects, which in nature puſh themſelves too much in ſight, and ſerve only to introduce too many parts into your *compoſition*. In this happy adjuſtment the grand merit of your ſketch conſiſts. No beauty of light, colouring, or execution can atone for the want of *compoſition*. It is the foundation of all pictureſque beauty. No finery of dreſs can ſet off a perſon, whoſe figure is awkward and uncouth.

Having thus *digeſted the compoſition* of your *adorned ſketch*, which is done with black-lead, you

you proceed to give a ſtronger outline to the foreground, and nearer parts. Some indeed uſe no outline, but what they freely work with a bruſh on their black-lead ſketch. This comes neareſt the idea of painting; and as it is the moſt free, it is perhaps alſo the moſt excellent method: but as a black-lead outline is but a feeble termination, it requires a greater force in the waſh to produce an effect; and of courſe more the hand of a maſter. The hand of a maſter indeed produces an effect with the rudeſt materials: but theſe precepts aim only at giving a few inſtructions to the tyroes of the art; and ſuch will perhaps make their outline the moſt effectually with a pen. As the pen is more determined than black-lead, it leaves leſs to the bruſh, which I think the more difficult inſtrument.——Indian ink, (which may be heightened, or lowered to any degree of ſtrength, or weakneſs, ſo as to touch both the nearer, and more diſtant grounds,) is the beſt ink you can uſe. You may give a ſtroke with it ſo light as to confine even a remote diſtance; tho ſuch a diſtance is perhaps beſt left in black-lead.

But when we ſpeak of an *outline*, we do not mean a *ſimple contour*; which, (however neceſſary in a correct figure,) would in landſcape be formal. It is enough to mark with a few free touches of the pen, here and there, ſome of the breaks, and roughneſſes, in which the richneſs of an object conſiſts. But you muſt firſt determine the ſituation of your lights, that you may mark theſe touches on the ſhadowy ſide.

Of theſe free touches with a pen the chief characteriſtic is *expreſſion*; or the art of giving each object, that peculiar touch, whether ſmooth, or rough, which beſt expreſſes it's form. The art of painting, in it's higheſt perfection, cannot give the richneſs of nature. When we examine any natural form, we find the multiplicity of it's parts beyond the higheſt finiſhing: and indeed generally an attempt at the higheſt finiſhing would end in ſtiffneſs. The painter is obliged therefore to deceive the eye by ſome natural tint, or expreſſive touch, from which the imagination takes it's cue. How often do we ſee in the landſcapes of Claude the full effect of diſtance; which, when examined cloſely, conſiſts of a ſimple daſh, tinged with the hue of nature,

intermixed

intermixed with a few expreſſive touches?—If then theſe expreſſive touches are neceſſary, where the maſter carries on the deception both in form and colour; how neceſſary muſt they be in mere ſketches, in which colour, the great vehicle of deception, is removed?—The art however of giving thoſe expreſſive marks with a pen, which impreſs ideas, is no common one. The inferior artiſt may give them by chance: but the maſter only gives them with preciſion.——Yet a ſketch may have it's uſe, and even it's merit, without theſe ſtrokes of genius.

As the difficulty of uſing the pen is ſuch, it may perhaps be objected, that it is an improper inſtrument for a tyro. It loſes it's grace, if it have not a ready and off-hand execution.

It is true: but what other inſtrument ſhall we put into his hands, that will do better? His black-lead, his bruſh, whatever he touches, will be unmaſterly. But my chief reaſon for putting a pen into his hands, is, that without a pen it will be difficult for him to preſerve his outline, and diſtances. His touches with a pen may be unmaſterly, we allow: but ſtill they will preſerve *keeping* in his landſcape, without

without which the whole will be a blot of confuſion.——Nor is it perhaps ſo difficult to obtain ſome little freedom with the pen. I have ſeen aſſiduity, attended with but little genius, make a conſiderable progreſs in the uſe of this inſtrument; and produce an effect by no means diſpleaſing.—If the drawing be large, I ſhould recommend a reed-pen, which runs more freely over paper.

When the outline is thus drawn, it remains to add light, and ſhade. In this operation the effect of a *waſh* is much better, than of lines hatched with a pen. A bruſh will do more in one ſtroke, and generally more effectually, than a pen can do in twenty.* For this purpoſe, we need only

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* I have ſeldom ſeen any drawings etched with a pen, that pleaſed me. The moſt maſterly ſketches in this way I ever ſaw, were taken in the early part of the life of a gentleman, now very high in his profeſſion, Mr. Mitford of Lincoln's inn. They were taken in ſeveral parts of Italy, and England; and tho they are mere memorandum-ſketches, the ſubjects are ſo happily choſen—they are ſo characteriſtic of the countries they repreſent—and executed with ſo free, and expreſſive a touch, that I examined them with pleaſure, not only as faithful portraits, (which I believe they all are) but as maſter-pieces, as far as they go, both in compoſition, and execution.

Indian

Indian ink; and perhaps a little biſtre, or burnt umber. With the former we give that greyiſh tinge, which belongs to the ſky, and diſtant objects; and with the latter (mixed more, or leſs with Indian ink) thoſe warm touches, which belong to the foreground. Indian ink however alone makes a good waſh both for the foreground, and diſtance.

But mere *light and ſhade* are not ſufficient: ſomething of *effect* alſo ſhould be aimed at in the *adorned ſketch*. Mere light and ſhade propoſe only the *ſimple illumination* of objects. *Effect*, by balancing *large maſſes* of each, gives the whole a greater force.——Now tho in the exhibitions of nature, we commonly find only the *ſimple illumination* of objects; yet as we often do meet with *grand effects* alſo, we have ſufficient authority to uſe them: for under theſe circumſtances we ſee nature in her beſt attire, in which it is our buſineſs to deſcribe her.

As to giving rules for the production of effect, the ſubject admits only the *moſt general*. There muſt be a ſtrong oppoſition of light and ſhade; in which the ſky, as well as the landſcape, muſt combine. But in what way

way this oppoſition muſt be varied—where the full tone of ſhade muſt prevail—where the full effuſion of light—or where the various degrees of each—depends intirely on the circumſtances of the *compoſition*. All you can do, is to examine your drawing (yet in it's naked outline) with care; and endeavour to find out where the force of the light will have the beſt effect. But this depends more on *taſte*, than on *rule*.

One thing both in light and ſhade ſhould be obſerved, eſpecially in the former—and that is *gradation*; which gives a force beyond what a glaring diſplay of light can give. The effect of light, which falls on the ſtone, produced as an illuſtration of this idea, would not be ſo great, unleſs it *graduated* into ſhade. ——In the following ſtanza Mr. Gray has with great beauty, and propriety, illuſtrated the viciſſitudes of life by the principles of pictureſque effect.

Still where roſy pleaſure leads,
See a kindred grief purſue:
Behind the ſteps, which miſery treads,
Approaching comfort view.
The hues of bliſs more brightly glow,
Chaſtiſed by ſabler tints of woe;
And, blended, form with artful ſtrife,
The ſtrength, and harmony of life.

I may

I may farther add, that the production of an *effect* is particularly neceſſary in *drawing*. In *painting*, colour in ſome degree makes up the deficiency: but in ſimple clair-obſcure there is no ſuccedaneum. It's force depends on effect; the virtue of which is ſuch, that it will give a value even to a barren ſubject. Like ſtriking the chords of a muſical inſtrument, it will produce harmony, without any richneſs of compoſition.

It is farther to be obſerved, that when objects *are in ſhadow*, the light, (as it is then a reflected one,) falls on the oppoſite ſide to that, on which it falls, when they are inlightened.

In *adorning your ſketch*, a figure, or two may be introduced with propriety. By figures I mean moving objects, as waggons, and boats, as well as cattle, and men. But they ſhould be introduced ſparingly. In profuſion they are affected. Their chief uſe is, to mark a road—to break a piece of foreground—to point out the horizon in a ſea-view—or to carry off the diſtance of retiring water by the contraſt of a dark ſail, not quite ſo diſtant, placed before it. But in figures thus deſigned for the ornament of a ſketch, a few ſlight touches

touches are ſufficient. Attempts at finiſhing offend*.

Among trees, little diſtinction need be made, unleſs you introduce the pine, or the cypreſs, or ſome other ſingular form. The oak, the aſh, and the elm, which bear a diſtant reſemblance to each other may all be characterized alike. In a ſketch, it is enough to mark *a tree*. One diſtinction indeed is often neceſſary even in ſketches; and that is, between full-leaved trees, and thoſe of ſtraggling ramification. In compoſition we have often occaſion for both, and therefore the hand ſhould be uſed readily to execute either. If we have a general idea of the oak, for inſtance, as a light tree; and of the beech as a heavy one, it is ſufficient.

It adds, I think, to the beauty of a ſketch to ſtain the paper ſlightly with ~~the~~ a reddiſh, or yellowiſh tinge; the uſe of which is to give a more pleaſing tint to the ground of the drawing by taking off the glare of the paper. It adds alſo, if it be not too ſtrong, a degree of harmony to the rawneſs of black and white.

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* See the preceding eſſay.

The

The ſtrength, or faintneſs of this tinge depends on the ſtrength, or faintneſs of the drawing. A ſlight ſketch, ſhould be ſlightly tinged. But if the drawing be ſlightly finiſhed, and the ſhadows ſtrong; the tinge alſo may be ſtronger. Where the ſhadows are very dark, and the lights catching, a deep tinge may ſometimes make it a good ſun-ſet.—— This tinge may be laid on, either before, or after the drawing is made. In general, I ſhould prefer the latter method; becauſe, while the drawing is yet on white paper, you may correct it with a ſponge, dipt in water; which will, in a good degree, efface Indian ink. But if you rub out any part, *after* the drawing is ſtained, you cannot eaſily lay the ſtain again upon the rubbed part without the appearance of a patch.

Some chuſe rather to add a little colour to their ſketches. My inſtructions attempt not the art of mixing a variety of tints; and finiſhing a drawing from nature; which is generally executed in colours from the beginning, without any uſe of Indian ink; except as a grey tint, uniting with other colours.

This

This indeed, when chaſtely executed, (which is not often the caſe) exceeds in beauty every other ſpecies of drawing. It is however beyond my ſkill to give any inſtruction for this mode of drawing. All I mean, is only to offer a modeſt way of tinting a ſketch already finiſhed in Indian ink. By the addition of a little colour I mean only to give ſome diſtinction to objects; and introduce rather a ~~greyiſh~~ ſtile gayer into a landſcape.

When you have finiſhed your ſketch therefore with Indian ink, as far as you propoſe, tinge the whole over with ſome light horizon hue. It may be the roſy tint of morning; or the more ruddy one of evening; or it may incline more to a yellowiſh, or a greyiſh caſt. As a ſpecimen an evening hue is given. The firſt tint you ſpread over your drawing, is compoſed of light red, and oaker, which make an orange. It may incline to one, or the other, as you chuſe. In this example it inclines rather to the former. By waſhing this tint over your *whole drawing*, you lay a foundation for harmony. When this waſh is nearly dry, repeat it in the horizon; ſoftening it off into the ſky, as you aſcend.——Take next a purple tint, compoſed of lake, and blue, inclining

inclining rather to the former; and with this, when your firſt waſh is dry, form you clouds; and then ſpread it, as you did the firſt tint, over your *whole drawing*, except where you leave the horizon-tint. This ſtill ſtrengthens the idea of harmony. Your ſky, and diſtance are now finiſhed.

You next proceed to your *middle*, and *foregrounds*; in both which you diſtinguiſh between the *ſoil*, and the *vegetation*. Waſh the *middle grounds* with a little umber. This will be ſufficient for the *ſoil*. The *ſoil* of the *foreground* you may go over with a little light red. The *vegetation* of each may be waſhed with a green, compoſed of blue, and oker; adding a little more oker as you proceed nearer the eye; and on the neareſt grounds a little burnt terra Sienna. This is ſufficient for the *middle grounds*. The *foreground* may farther want a little heightening both in the *ſoil*, and *vegetation*. In the *ſoil* it may be given in the lights with burnt terra Sienna; mixing in the ſhadows a little lake: and in the *vegetation* with gall-ſtone; touched in places, and occaſionally varied, with burnt terra Sienna.

Trees on the foreground are conſidered as a part of it; and their foliage may be co-

loured like the vegetation in their neighbourhood. Their ſtems may be touched with burnt terra Sienna.——Trees, in middle diſtances are darker than the lawns, on which they ſtand. They muſt therefore be touched twice over with the tint, which is given only once to the lawn.

If you repreſent clouds with bright edges, the edges muſt be left in the firſt orange; while the tint over the other part of the horizon is repeated, as was mentioned before.

A lowering, cloudy ſky is repreſented by, what is called, a grey tint, compoſed of lake, blue, and oker. As the ſhadow deepens, the tint ſhould incline more to blue.

The ſeveral tints mentioned in the above proceſs, may perhaps the moſt eaſily be mixed before you begin; eſpecially if your drawing be large. Dilute the raw colours in ſaucers: keep them clean, and diſtinct; and from them, mix your tints in other veſſels.

I ſhall only add, that the *ſtrength of the colouring* you give your ſketch, muſt depend (as in the laſt caſe, where the whole drawing is tinged,) on the height, to which you have carried the Indian ink *finiſhing*. If it be only a

ſlight

ſlight ſketch, it will bear only a light waſh of colour.

This mode however of tinting a drawing, even when you tint as high as theſe inſtructions reach, is by no means calculated to produce any effect of colouring: but it is at leaſt ſufficient to preſerve harmony. *This* you may preſerve: an *effect of colouring* you cannot eaſily attain. It is ſomething however to avoid a diſagreeable exceſs: and there is nothing ſurely ſo diſagreeable to a correct eye, as a tinted drawing (ſuch as we often ſee) in which greens, and blues, and reds, and yellows are daubed without any attention to harmony. It is to the picturesque eye, what a diſcord of harſh notes is to a muſical ear.*

But the advocate for theſe glaring tints may perhaps ſay, he does not make his ſky more

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* I have been informed, that many of the purchaſers of the firſt edition of this work, have thought the plate, which illuſtrates what hath been ſaid above, was not ſo highly coloured, as they wiſhed it to have been. I apprehend this was chiefly owing to the particular care I took, to have it rather *under*, than *over* tinted. The great danger, I think, is on the ſide of being over-loaded with colour. I have however taken care that a number of the prints in this edition ſhall be coloured higher, that each purchaſer may have an option.

blue than nature; nor his graſs, and trees more green.

Perhaps ſo: but unleſs he could work up his drawing with the *finiſhing* of nature alſo, he will find the effect very unequal. Nature mixes a variety of ſemi-tints with her brighteſt colours: and tho the eye cannot readily ſeparate them, they have a general chaſtizing effect; and keep the ſeveral tints of landſcape within proper bounds, which a glare of deep colours cannot do. Beſides, this chaſtizing hue is produced in nature by numberleſs little ſhadows, beyond the attention of art, which ſhe throws on leaves, and piles of graſs, and every other minute object; all of which, tho not eaſily diſtinguiſhed in *particulars* tell *in the whole*, and are continually chaſtening the hues of nature.

Before I conclude theſe remarks on ſketching, it may be uſeful to add a few words, and but a few, on perſpective. The nicer parts of it contain many difficulties; and are of little uſe in common landſcape. Indeed in wild, irregular objects, it is hardly poſſible to apply it. The eye muſt regulate the winding of

of the river; and the receding of the diſtant hill. Rules of perſpective give little aſſiſtance. But it often happens, that on the nearer grounds you wiſh to place a more regular object, which requires ſome little knowledge of perſpective. The ſubject therefore ſhould not be left wholly untouched.

If a building ſtand exactly in front, none of it's lines can go off in perſpective: but if it ſtand with a corner towards you, (as the pictureſque eye generally wiſhes a building to ſtand) the lines will appear to recede. In what manner they may be drawn in perſpective, the following mechanical method may explain.

Trace on your paper the *neareſt perpendicular* of the building you copy. Then hold horizontally between it, and your eye, a ſhred of paper, or flat ruler; raiſing, or lowering it, till you ſee only the edge. Where it cuts the *perpendicular* in the building, make a mark on your paper; and draw a ſlight line through that point, parallel with the bottom of your picture. This is called the *horizontal line*. Obſerve next, with what accuracy you can (for it would require a tedious proceſs to conduct it geometrically) the angle, which the *firſt receding line* of the building makes with the *neareſt per-*

*perdicular*; and in your drawing continue a ſimilar line, till it meet the *horizontal line*. The point where it meets the *horizontal line*, is called the *vaniſhing point*; and regulates the whole perſpective. From this point you draw a line to the *bottom* of the *neareſt perpendicular*, which gives you the perſpective of the baſe. In the ſame manner all the lines, which recede on both ſides of the building, as well above, as below the *horizontal line*; windows, doors, and projections of every kind, if they are on the *ſame plane*, are regulated.

If the building conſiſt of projections on *different planes*, it would be tedious to regulate them all by the rules of perſpective: but the eye being thus maſter of the grand points, will eaſily learn to manage the ſmaller projections.——Indeed in drawing landſcape, it may in general be enough to be acquainted with the principles of perſpective. One of the beſt rules in adjuſting *proportion* is, *to carry your compaſſes in your eye*. The ſame rule may be given in *perſpective*. Accuſtom your eye to judge, how objects recede from it. Too ſtrict an application of rules tends only to give your drawing ſtiffneſs, and formality. Indeed where the regular works of art make the *principal*

*cipal part* of your picture, the ſtricteſt application of rule is neceſſary. It is this, which gives it's chief value to the pencil of Canaletti. His truth in perſpective has made ſubjects intereſting, which are of all others the moſt unpromiſing.

Before I conclude the ſubject, I ſhould wiſh to add, that the plate here given as an explanation, is deſigned merely as ſuch; for no building can have a good effect, the baſe of which is far below the horizontal line.

After all, however, from the mode of ſketching here recommended (which is as far as I ſhould wiſh to recommend drawing landſcape to thoſe, who draw only for amuſement) no great degree of accuracy can be expected. General ideas only muſt be looked for; not the peculiarities of portrait. It admits the winding river—the ſhooting promontory—the caſtle—the abbey—the flat diſtance—and the mountain melting into the horizon. It admits too the relation, which all theſe parts bear to each other. But it deſcends not to the minutiæ of objects. The

fringed bank of the river—the Gothic ornaments of the abbey—the chaſms, and fractures of the rock, and caſtle—and every little object along the vale, it pretends not to delineate with exactneſs. All this is the province of the finiſhed drawing, and the picture; in which the artiſt conveys an idea of each minute feature of the country he *delineates*, or *imagines*. But *high finiſhing*, as I have before obſerved, belongs only to a maſter, who can give *expreſſive touches*. The diſciple, whom I am inſtructing, and whom I inſtruct only from my own experience, muſt have humbler views; and can hardly expect to pleaſe, if he go farther than a ſketch, *adorned* as hath been here deſcribed.

Many gentlemen, who draw for amuſement, employ their leiſure on human figures, animal life, portrait, perhaps hiſtory. Here and there a man of genius makes ſome proficiency in theſe difficult branches of the art: but I have rarely ſeen any, who do. Diſtorted faces, and diſlocated limbs, I have ſeen in abundance: and no wonder; for the ſcience of anatomy, *even* as it regards painting, is with difficulty attained; and few who have

ſtudied

ſtudied it their whole lives, have acquired perfection.

Others again, who draw for amuſement, go ſo far as to handle the pallet. But in this the ſucceſs of the ~~ill-judged~~ ill-judging artiſt ſeldom anſwers his hopes; unleſs utterly void of taſte, he happen to be ſuch an artiſt as may be addreſſed in the ſarcaſm of the critic,

———Sine rivali teque, et tua ſolus amares.

Painting is both a ſcience, and an art; and if ſo very few attain perfection, who ſpend a life-time on it, what can be expected from thoſe, who ſpend only their leiſure? The very few gentlemen-artiſts, who excel in *painting*, ſcarce afford encouragement for common practice.

But the *art of ſketching landſcape* is attainable by a man of buſineſs; and it is certainly more uſeful; and, I ſhould imagine, more amuſing, to attain *ſome degree* of excellence in an inferior branch, than to be a mere bungler in a ſuperior. Even if you ſhould not excel in *execution* (which indeed you can hardly expect) you may at leaſt by bringing home the delineation of a fine country, dignify an indifferent

different ſketch. You may pleaſe yourſelf by adminiſtering ſtrongly to recollection; and you may pleaſe others by conveying your ideas more diſtinctly in an ordinary ſketch, than in the beſt language.

THE END.

# CONTENTS

OF THE FOLLOWING

# *POEM.*


Line

1 INTRODUCTION, and addreſs.

26 A cloſe attention to the various ſcenes of nature recommended; and to the ſeveral circumſtances, under which they appear.

78 A facility alſo in copying the different *parts* of nature ſhould be attained, before the young artiſt attempts a *whole*.

90 This proceſs will alſo be a kind of *teſt*. No one can make any progreſs, whoſe imagination is not fired with the ſcenes of nature.

107 On a ſuppoſition, that the artiſt is enamoured with his ſubject; and is well verſed in copying the parts of nature, he begins to

to combine, and form thoſe parts into the ſubjects of landſcape. He pays his firſt attention to *deſign*, or to the bringing together of ſuch objects, as are ſuited to his ſubject; not mixing trivial objects with grand ſcenes; but preſerving the *character* of his ſubject, whatever it may be.

140 The different parts of his landſcape muſt next be ſtudiouſly arranged, and put together in a pictureſque manner. This is the work of *diſpoſition*; or, as it is ſometimes called, *compoſition*. No rules can be given for this arrangement, but the experience of a nice eye: for tho nature ſeldom preſents a compleat compoſition, yet we every where ſee in her works beautiful arrangements of parts; which we ought to ſtudy with great attention.

159 In general, a landſcape is compoſed of three parts—a foreground—a middle ground—and a diſtance.

163 Yet this is not a univerſal rule. A *balance of parts* however there ſhould always be; tho ſometimes thoſe parts may be few.

176 It is a great error in landſcape-painters, to loſe the *ſimplicity* of a whole, under the idea of giving *variety*.

182 Some

182 Some *particular ſcene*, therefore, or *leading ſubject* ſhould always be choſen; to which the parts ſhould be ſubſervient.

205 In balancing a landſcape, a ſpacious foreground will admit a ſmall thread of diſtance: but the reverſe is a bad proportion. In every landſcape there *muſt* be a conſiderable foreground.

216 This theory is illuſtrated by the view of a *diſproportioned diſtance*.

243 An objection anſwered, why vaſt diſtances, tho unſupported by foregrounds, may pleaſe *in nature*, and yet offend *in repreſentation*.

266 But tho the ſeveral parts of landſcape may be *well balanced*, and adjuſted; yet ſtill without *contraſt in the parts*, there will be a great deficiency. At the ſame time this contraſt will be eaſy, and natural.

285 Such pictures, as are painted from fancy, are the moſt pleaſing efforts of genius. But if an untoward ſubject be given, the artiſt muſt endeavour to conceal, and vary the unaccommodating parts. The foreground he *muſt* claim as his own.

308 But if nature be the ſource of all beauty, it may be objected, that imaginary views can have little merit.—The objection has weight, if the imaginary view be not formed

formed from the ſelect parts of nature; but if it be, it is nature ſtill.

322 The artiſt having thus adjuſted his forms, and diſpoſition; conceives next the beſt effect of light; and when he has thus laid the foundation of his picture, proceeds to colouring.

335 The author avoids giving rules for colouring, which are learned chiefly by practice.

341 He juſt touches on the theory of colours.

362 Artiſts, with equally good effect, ſometimes blend them on their pallet; and ſometimes ſpread them raw on their canvas.

383 In colouring, the ſky gives the ruling tint to the landſcape: and the hue of the whole, whether rich, or ſober, muſt be harmonious.

426 A predominancy of ſhade has the beſt effect.

449 But light, tho it ſhould not be ſcattered, ſhould not be collected, as it were, into a focus.

464 The effect of *gradation* illuſtrated by the colouring of cattle.

483 Of the diſpoſition of light.

508 Of the *general harmony* of the whole.

517 A method propoſed of examining a picture with regard to it's *general harmony*.

531 The ſcientific part being cloſed, all that can be ſaid with regard to *execution*, is, that, as there are various modes of it, every artiſt

artiſt ought to adopt his own, or elſe he becomes a ſervile imitator. On the whole, the bold free method recommended; which aims at giving the *character* of objects, rather than the *minute detail.*

565 Rules given with regard to figures. Hiſtory in miniature, introduced in landſcape, condemned. Figures ſhould be ſuited to the ſcene.

620 Rules to be obſerved in the introduction of birds.

645 An exhibition is the trueſt teſt of excellence; where the picture receives it's ſtamp, and value not from the airs of coxcombs; but from the judgment of men of taſte, and ſcience.

ON

# LANDSCAPE PAINTING,

# A POEM.

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## A POEM.

ON

# LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

## *A POEM.*

THAT Art, which gives the practiſed pencil power
To rival Nature's graces; to combine
In one harmonious whole her ſcattered charms,
And o'er them fling appropriate force of light,
I ſing, unſkill'd in numbers; yet a Muſe,
Led by the hand of Friendſhip, deigns to lend
Her aid, and give that free colloquial flow,
Which beſt befits the plain preceptive ſong.

To thee, thus aided, let me dare to ſing,
Judicious LOCK; who from great Nature's realms
Haſt culled her lovelieſt features, and arranged
In thy rich memory's ſtorehouſe: Thou, whoſe glance,
Practiſed in truth and ſymmetry can trace
In every latent touch, each Maſter's hand;
Whether the marble by his art ſubdued
Be ſoftened into life, or canvas ſmooth

Be ſwell'd to animation : Thou, to whom
Each mode of landſcape, beauteous or ſublime,
With every various colour, tint, and light,
It's nice gradations, and it's bold effects,
Are all familiar, patient hear my ſong,
That to thy taſte and ſcience nothing new
Preſents ; yet humbly hopes from thee to gain
That plaudit, which, if Nature firſt approve,
Then, and then only, thou wilt deign to yield.

Firſt to the youthful artiſt I addreſs
This leading precept : Let not inborn pride,
Preſuming on thy own inventive powers,
Miſlead thine eye from Nature. She muſt reign
Great archetype in all. Trace then with care
Her varied walks. Obſerve how ſhe upheaves
The mountains towering brow ; on it's rough ſides
How broad the ſhadow falls ; what different hues
Inveſt it's glimmering ſurface. Next ſurvey
The diſtant lake ; ſo ſeen, a ſhining ſpot :
But when approaching nearer, how it flings
It's ſweeping curves around the ſhooting cliffs.
Mark every ſhade it's Proteus-ſhape aſſumes
From motion and from reſt ; and how the forms
Of tufted woods, and beetling rocks, and towers
Of ruined caſtles, from the ſmooth expanſe,
Shade anſwering ſhade, inverted meet the eye.
From mountains hie thee to the foreſt-ſcene.
Remark the form, the foliage of each tree,
And what it's leading feature. View the oak,

It's maſſy limbs, it's majeſty of ſhade;
The pendent birch; the beech of many a ſtem;
The lighter aſh; and all their changeful hues
In ſpring or autumn, ruſſet, green, or grey.
Next wander by the river's mazy bank.
See where it dimpling glides; or briſkly where
It's whirling eddies ſparkle round the rock;
Or where, with headlong rage, it daſhes down
Some fractured chaſm, till all it's fury ſpent,
It ſinks to ſleep, a ſilent ſtagnant pool,
Dark, tho tranſlucent, from the mantling ſhade.
Now give thy view more ample range: explore
The vaſt expanſe of ocean; ſee, when calm,
What Iris-hues of purple, green, and gold,
Play on it's glaſſy ſurface; and when vext
With ſtorms, what depth of billowy ſhade, with light
Of curling foam contraſted. View the cliffs;
The lonely beacon, and the diſtant coaſt,
In miſts arrayed, juſt heaving into ſight
Above the dim horizon; where the ſail
Appears conſpicuous in the lengthened gleam.
With ſtudious eye examine next the vaſt
Etherial concave: mark each floating cloud;
It's form, it's colour; and what maſs of ſhade
It gives the ſcene below, pregnant with change
Perpetual, from the morning's purple dawn,
Till the laſt glimmering ray of ruſſet eve.
Mark how the ſun-beam, ſteeped in morning-dew,
Beneath each jutting promontory flings
A darker ſhade; while brightened with the ray

Of ſultry noon, not yet entirely quenched,
The evening-ſhadow leſs opaquely falls.
Thus ſtored with fair ideas, call them forth
By practice, till thy ready pencil trace
Each form familiar: but attempt not thou
A *whole*, till every *part* be well conceived.
The tongue that awes a ſenate with it's force,
Once liſped in ſyllables, or o'er it poured
It's glowing periods, warm with patriot-fire.
At length matured, ſtand forth for honeſt Fame
A candidate. Some nobler theme ſelect
From Nature's choiceſt ſcenes; and ſketch that theme
With firm, but eaſy line; then if my ſong
Aſſiſt thy power, it aſks no nobler meed.

Yet if, when Nature's ſovereign glories meet
Thy ſudden glance, no correſponding ſpark
Of vivid flame be kindled in thy breaſt;
If calmly thou canſt view them; know for thee
My numbers flow not: ſeek ſome fitter guide
To lead thee, where the low mechanic toils
With patient labour for his daily hire.
But if true genius fire thee, if thy heart
Glow, palpitate with tranſport, at the ſight;
If emulation ſeize thee, to transfuſe
Theſe ſplendid viſions on thy vivid chart;
If the big thought ſeem more than Art can paint;
Haſte, ſnatch thy pencil, bounteous Nature yields
To thee her choiceſt ſtores; and the glad Muſe
Sits by aſſiſtant, aiming but to fan

The Promethèan flame, conſcious her rules
Can only guide, not give, the warmth divine.
  Firſt learn with *objects ſuited to each ſcene*
Thy landſcape to adorn. If ſome rude view
Thy pencil culls, of lake, or mountain range,
Where Nature walks with proud majeſtic ſtep,
Give not her robe the formal folds of art,
But bid it flow with ample dignity.
Mix not the mean and trivial: Is the *whole*
Sublime, let each accordant *part* be grand.
  Yet if through dire neceſſity (for that
Alone ſhould force the deed) ſome *poliſhed* ſcene
Employ thy pallet, dreſſed by human art,
The lawn ſo level, and the bank ſo trim,
Yet ſtill *preſerve thy ſubject*. Let the oak
Be elegant of form, that mantles o'er
Thy ſhaven fore-ground. The rough foreſter
Whoſe peeled and withered boughs, and gnarled trunk,
Have ſtood the rage of many a winter's blaſt,
Might ill ſuch cultured ſcenes adorn. Not leſs
Would an old Briton, rough with martial ſcars,
And bearing ſtern defiance on his brow,
Seem fitly ſtationed at a Gallic feaſt.
Such apt ſelection of accordant forms
The muſe herſelf requires from thoſe her ſons
Epic, or Tragic, who aſpire to fame
Legitimate. On them, whoſe motly taſte
Unites the ſock, and buſkin—who produce
Kings, and buffoons in one incongruous ſcene,
She darts a frown indignant. Nor ſuppoſe

Thy humbler ſubject leſs demands the aid
Of juſt *Deſign*, than Raphael's; tho his art
Give all but motion to ſome group divine,
While thine inglorious picture woods, and ſtreams.

With equal rigour Disposition claims
Thy cloſe attention. Would'ſt thou learn it's laws,
Examine Nature, when combined with art,
Or ſimple; mark how various are her forms,
Mountains enormous, rugged rocks, clear lakes,
Caſtles, and bridges, aqueducts and fanes.
Of theſe obſerve, how ſome, united pleaſe;
While others, ill-combined, diſguſt the eye.
That principle, which rules theſe various parts,
And harmonizing *all*, produces *one*,
Is *Diſpoſition*. By it's plaſtic pow'r
Thoſe rough materials, which *Deſign* ſelects,
Are nicely balanced. Thus with friendly aid
Theſe principles unite: *Deſign* preſents
The general ſubject; *Diſpoſition* culls,
And recombines, the various forms anew.

Rarely to more than three diſtinguiſhed parts
Extend thy landſcape: neareſt to the eye
Preſent thy foreground; then the midway ſpace;
E'er the blue diſtance melt in liquid air.
But tho full oft theſe parts with blending tints
Are ſoftened ſo, as wakes a frequent doubt
Where each begins, where ends; yet ſtill preſerve
A *general balance*. So when Europe's tons

Sound

Sound the alarm of war; ſome potent hand
(Now thine again my Albion) poiſes true
The ſcale of empire; curbs each rival power;
And checks each lawleſs tyrant's wild career.

Not but there are of fewer parts who form
A pleaſing picture. Theſe a foreſt-glade
Suffices oft; behind which, juſt removed,
One tuft of foliage, WATERLO, like thine,
Gives all we wiſh of dear variety.

For even variety itſelf may pall,
If to the eye, when pauſing with delight
On one fair object, it preſents a maſs
Of many, which diſturb that eye's repoſe.
All hail Simplicity! To thy chaſte ſhrine,
Beyond all other, let the artiſt bow.

Oft have I ſeen arranged, by hands that well
Could pencil Nature's *parts*, landſcapes, that knew
No *leading ſubject*: Here a foreſt roſe;
A river there ran dimpling; and beyond,
The portion of a lake: while rocks, and towers,
And caſtles intermixed, ſpread o'er the whole
In multiform confuſion. Ancient dames
Thus oft compoſe of various ſilken ſhreds,
Some gaudy, patched, unmeaning, tawdry things;
Where bucks and cherries, ſhips and flowers, unite
In one rich compound of abſurdity.

Chuſe then ſome *principal commanding theme*,
Be it lake, valley, winding ſtream, caſcade,
Caſtle, or ſea-port, and on *that* exhauſt
Thy powers, and make to that all elſe conform.

Who

Who paints a landſcape, is confined by rules,
As fixed and rigid as the tragic bard,
To *unity of ſubject*. Is the ſcene
A foreſt, nothing there, ſave woods and lawns
Muſt riſe conſpicuous. Epiſodes of hills
And lakes be far removed; all that obtrudes
On the chief theme, how beautiful ſoe'er
Seen as a *part*, diſguſts us in the *whole*.

Thus in the realms of landſcape, to preſerve
*Proportion* juſt is *Diſpoſition*'s taſk.
And tho a glance of diſtance it allow,
Even when the foreground ſwells upon the ſight;
Yet if the diſtant ſcenery wide extend,
The foreground muſt be ample: Take free ſcope:
Art muſt have ſpace to ſtand on, like the Sage,
Who boaſted power to ſhake the ſolid globe.
This thou muſt claim; and, if thy diſtance ſpread
Profuſe, muſt claim it amply: Uncombined
With foreground, diſtance loſes power to pleaſe.

Where riſing from the ſolid rock, appear
Thoſe ancient battlements there lived a knight,
Who oft ſurveying from his caſtle wall
The wide expanſe before him; diſtance vaſt;
Interminable wilds; ſavannahs deep;
Dark woods; and village ſpires, and glittering ſtreams,
Juſt twinkling in the ſun-beam, wiſhed the view
Transferred to canvaſs; and for that ſage end,
Led to the ſpot ſome docile ſon of art,
Where his own taſte unerring previous fixed
The point of ampleſt proſpect. "Take thy ſtand
"Juſt here," he cried, "and paint me *all* thou ſeeſt,
"Omit

" Omit no ſingle object." It was done;
And ſoon the live-long landſcape cloaths his hall,
And ſpreads from baſe to ceiling. *All* was there;
As to his gueſts, while dinner cooled, the knight
Full oft would prove; and with uplifted cane
Point to the diſtant ſpire, where ſlept entombed
His anceſtry; beyond, where lay the town,
Skirted with wood, that gave him place and voice
In Britain's ſenate; nor untraced the ſtream
That fed the goodly trout they ſoon ſhould taſte;
Nor every ſcattered ſeat of friend, or foe,
He calls his neighbours. Heedleſs he, meanwhile,
That what he deems the triumph of his taſte,
Is but a painted ſurvey, a mere map;
Which light and ſhade, and perſpective miſplaced,
But ſerve to ſpoil.

Yet why (methinks I hear
Some Critic ſay) do ample ſcenes, like this,
In *picture* fail to pleaſe; when every eye
Confeſſes they tranſport on *Nature's chart?*
Why, but becauſe, where *She* diſplays the ſcene,
The roving ſight can pauſe, and ſwift ſelect,
From all ſhe offers, parts, whereon to fix,
And form diſtinct perceptions; each of which
Preſents a *ſeparate picture.* Thus as bees
Condenſe within their hives the varying ſweets;
So does the eye a *lovely whole* collect
From *parts disjointed*; nay, perhaps, *deformed.*
Then deem not Art defective, which divides,
Rejects,

Rejects, or recombines: but rather say,
'Tis her chief excellence. There is, we know,
A charm unspeakable in converse free
Of lover, or of friend, when soul with soul
Mixes in social intercourse; when choice
Of phrase, and rules of rhetoric are disdained;
Yet say, adopted by the tragic bard,
If Jaffier thus with Belvidera talked,
So vague, so rudely, would not want of skill,
Selection, and arrangement, damn the scene?

Thy forms, tho *balanced*, still perchance may want
The charm of *Contrast*: Sing we then it's power.
'Tis Beauty's surest source; it regulates
Shape, colour, light, and shade; forms every line
By *opposition just*; whate'er is *rough*
With skill delusive counteracts by *smooth*;
*Sinuous*, or *concave*, by it's opposite;
Yet ever *covertly*: should *Art appear*,
That art were *Affectation*. Then alone
We own the power of *Contrast*, when the lines
Unite with Nature's freedom: then alone,
When from it's careless touch each part receives
A pleasing form. The lake's contracted bounds
By contrast varied, elegantly flow;
The unweildy mountain sinks; here, to remove
Offensive parallels, the hill depress
Is lifted; there the heavy beech expunged
Gives place to airy pines; if two bare knolls

Rise

Riſe to the right and left, a caſtle here,
And there a wood, diverſify their form.

Thrice happy he, who always can indulge
This pleaſing feaſt of fancy; who, replete
With rich ideas, can arrange their charms
As his own genius prompts, creating thus
A novel whole. But taſteleſs wealth oft claims
The *faithful portrait*, and will fix the ſcene
Where Nature's lines run falſely, or refuſe
To harmonize. Artiſt, if thus employed,
I pity thy miſchance. Yet there are means
Even here to hide defects. The human form
Portrayed by Reynolds, oft abounds with grace
He ſaw not in his model; which nor hurts
Reſemblance, nor fictitious ſkill betrays.
Why then, if o'er the limb uncouth he flings
The flowing veſt, may not thy honeſt art
Veil with the foliage of ſome ſpreading oak,
Unpleaſing objects, or remote, or near?
An ample licence for ſuch needful change,
The foregrounds give thee. There both mend and make.
Whoe'er oppoſes, tell them, 'tis the ſpot
Where fancy needs muſt ſport; where, if reſtrained
To cloſe reſemblance, thy beſt art expires.
What if they plead, that from thy general rule,
That reſts on Nature as the only ſource
Of beauty, thou revolt'ſt; tell them that rule
Thou hold'ſt ſtill ſacred: Nature *is* it's ſource;
Yet Nature's *parts* fail to receive alike

The fair impreſſion. View her varied range:
Each form that charms is there; yet her beſt forms
Muſt be *ſelected*. As the ſculptured charms
Of the famed Venus grew, ſo muſt thou cull
From various ſcenes ſuch parts as beſt create
One perfect whole. If Nature ne'er arrayed
Her moſt accompliſhed work with grace compleat,
Think, will ſhe waſte on deſert rocks, and dells,
What ſhe denies to Woman's charming form?

And now, if on review thy chalked *deſign*,
Brought into form by *Diſpoſition*'s aid,
Diſpleaſe not, trace thy lines with pencil free;
Add lightly too that *general maſs* of ſhade,
Which ſuits the form and faſhion of it's parts.
There are who, ſtudious of the beſt effects,
Firſt ſketch a ſlight cartoon. Such previous care
Is needful, where the Artiſt's fancy fails
Preciſely to foreſee the future whole.

This done, prepare thy pallet, mix thy tints,
And call on chaſte Simplicity again
To ſave her votary from whate'er of hue,
Diſcordant or abrupt, may flaunt or glare.

Yet here to bring materials from the mine,
From animal, or vegetable dies,
And ſing their various properties and powers,
The muſe deſcends not. To mechanic rules,
To proſe, and practice, which can only teach
The uſe of pigments, ſhe reſigns the toil.

One truth ſhe gives, that Nature's ſimple loom
Weaves but with three diſtinct, or mingled, hues,
The veſt that cloaths Creation. Theſe are red,
Azure, and yellow. Pure and unſtained white
(If colour juſtly called) rejects her law,
And is by her rejected. Doſt thou deem
The gloſſy ſurface of yon heifer's coat
A perfect white? Or yon vaſt heaving cloud
That climbs the diſtant hill? With ceruſe bright
Attempt to catch it's tint, and thou wilt fail.
Some tinge of purple, or ſome yellowiſh brown,
Muſt firſt be blended, e'er thy toil ſucceed.
Pure white, great Nature wiſhes to expunge
From all her works; and only then admits,
When with her mantle broad of fleecy ſnow
She wraps them, to ſecure from chilling froſt;
Conſcious, mean while, that what ſhe gives to guard,
Conceals their every charm: the ſtole of night
Not more eclipſes: yet that ſable ſtole
May, by the ſkilful mixture of theſe hues,
Be ſhadowed even to dark Cimmerian gloom.
Draw then from theſe, as from three plenteous ſprings,
Thy brown, thy purple, crimſon, orange, green,
Nor load thy pallet with a uſeleſs tribe
Of pigments: when commix'd with needful white,
As ſuits thy end, theſe native three ſuffice.
But if thou doſt, ſtill cautious keep in view
That harmony which theſe alone can give.

Yet

Yet ſtill there are, who ſcorning all the rules
Of dull mechanic art, with random hand
Fling their *unblended* colours, and produce
Bolder effects by oppoſition's aid.

The ſky, whate'er it's hue, to landſcape gives
A correſponding tinge. The morning ray
Spreads it with purple light, in dew-drops ſteeped;
The evening fires it with a crimſon glow.
Blows the bleak north? It ſheds a cold, blue tint
On all it touches. Do light miſts prevail?
A ſoft grey hue o'erſpreads the general ſcene,
And makes that ſcene, like beauty viewed through gauze,
More delicately lovely. Chuſe thy ſky;
But let that ſky, whate'er the tint it takes,
O'er-rule thy pallet. Frequent have I ſeen,
In landſcapes well compoſed, aerial hues
So ill-preſerved, that whether cold or heat,
Tempeſt or calm, prevailed, was dubious all.
Not ſo thy pencil, CLAUDE, the ſeaſon marks:
Thou makeſt us pant beneath thy ſummer noon;
And ſhiver in thy cool autumnal eve.
Such are the powers of ſky; and therefore Art
Selects what beſt is ſuited to the ſcene
It means to form: to this adopts a morn,
To that ~~the~~ an evening ray. Light miſts full oft
Give mountain-views an added dignity,
While tame impoveriſhed ſcenery claims the force
Of ſplendid lights and ſhades; nor claims in vain.

Thy

Thy ſky adjuſted, all that is *remote*
Firſt colour faintly: leaving to the laſt
Thy foreground. Eaſier 'tis, thou know'ſt, to ſpread
Thy floating foliage o'er the ſky; than mix
That ſky amid the branches. Venture ſtill
On warmer tints, as diſtances approach
Nearer the eye: Nor fear the richeſt hues,
If to thoſe hues thou giv'ſt the meet ſupport
Of ſtrong oppoſing ſhade. A canvas once
I ſaw, on which the artiſt dared to paint
A ſcene in Indoſtan; where gold, and pearl
Barbaric, flamed on many a broidered veſt
Profuſely ſplendid; yet chaſte art was there,
Oppoſing hue to hue; each ſhadow deep
So ſpread, that all with ſweet accord produced
A bright, yet modeſt whole. Thus blend thy tints,
Be they of ſcarlet, orange, green, or gold,
Harmonious, till one general glow prevail
Unbroken by abrupt and hoſtile glare.

Let ſhade predominate. It makes each light
More lucid, yet deſtroys offenſive glare.
Mark when in fleecy ſhowers of ſnow, the clouds
Seem to deſcend, and whiten o'er the land,
What unſubſtantial unity of tinge
Involves each proſpect: Viſion is abſorbed;
Or, wandering through the void, finds not a point
To reſt on. All is mockery to the eye.
Thus light diffuſed, debaſes that effect
Which ſhade improves. Behold what glorious ſcenes
Ariſe through Nature's works from ſhade. Yon lake

With all it's circumambient woods, far leſs
Would charm the eye, did not that duſky miſt
Creeping along it's eaſtern ſhores, aſcend
Thoſe towering cliffs, mix with the ruddy beam
Of opening day, juſt damp it's fires, and ſpread
O'er all the ſcene a ſweet obſcurity.

But would'ſt thou ſee the full effect of ſhade
Well maſſed, at eve mark that upheaving cloud,
Which charged with all th' artillery of Jove,
In awful darkneſs, marching from the eaſt,
Aſcends; ſee how it blots the ſky, and ſpreads,
Darker, and darker ſtill, it's duſky veil,
Till from the eaſt to weſt, the cope of heaven
It curtains cloſely round. Haply thou ſtand'ſt
Expectant of the loud convulſive burſt,
When lo! the ſun, juſt ſinking in the weſt,
Pours from th' horizon's verge a ſplendid ray,
which tenfold grandeur to the darkneſs adds.
Far to the eaſt the radiance ſhoots, juſt tips
Thoſe tufted groves; but all it's ſplendor pours
On yonder caſtled cliff, which chiefly owes
It's glory, and ſupreme effect, to ſhade.

Thus light, inforced by ſhadow, ſpreads a ray
Still brighter. Yet forbid that light to ſhine
A glittering ſpeck; for this were to illume
Thy picture, as the convex glaſs collects,
All to one dazzling point, the ſolar rays.

Whate'er the force of *oppoſition*, ſtill
In ſoft *gradation* equal beauty lies.

When

When the mild luſtre glides from light to dark,
The eye well-pleaſed purſues it. Mid the herds
Of variegated hue, that graze the lawn,
Oft may the artiſt trace examples juſt
Of this ſedate effect, and oft remark
It's oppoſite. Behold yon lordly bull,
His ſable head, his lighter ſhoulders tinged
With flakes of brown; at length ſtill lighter tints
Prevailing, graduate o'er his flank and loins
In tawny orange. What, if on his front
A ſtar of white appear? The general maſs
Of colour ſpreads unbroken; and the mark
Gives his ſtern front peculiar character.
Ah! how degenerate from her well-cloathed ſire
That heifer. See her ſides with white and black
So ſtudded, ſo diſtinct, each juſtling each,
The groundwork-colour hardly can be known.

Of lights, if more than two thy landſcape boaſt,
It boaſts too much. But if two lights be there,
Give one pre-eminence: with that be ſure
Illume thy *foreground*, or thy *midway ſpace*;
But rarely ſpread it on the *diſtant ſcene*.
Yet there, if level plains, or fens appear,
And meet the ſky, a lengthened gleam of light
Diſcreetly thrown, will vary the flat ſcene.
But if that diſtance be abruptly cloſed
By mountains, caſt them into general ſhade:
Ill ſuit gay robes their hoary majeſty.
Sober be all their hues; except, perchance,

Approaching nearer in the midway ſpace,
One of the giant-brethren tower ſublime:
To him thy art may aptly give a gleam
Of radiance: 'twill befit his awful head,
Alike, when riſing through the morning-dews
In miſty dignity, the pale, wan ray,
Inveſts him; or when, beaming from the weſt,
A fiercer ſplendor opens to our view
All his terrific features, rugged cliffs,
And yawning chaſms, which vapours through the day
Had veiled; dens where the lynx or pard might dwell
In noon-tide ſafety, meditating there
His next nocturnal ravage through the land.
Are now thy lights and ſhades adjuſted all?
Yet pauſe: perhaps the perſpective is juſt;
Perhaps each local hue is duly placed;
Perhaps the light offends not; *harmony*
May ſtill be wanting. That which forms a whole
From colour, ſhade, gradation, is not yet
Obtained. Avails it ought, in civil life,
If here and there a family unite
In bonds of peace, while diſcord rends the land,
And pale-eyed Faction, with her garment dipped
In blood, excites her guilty ſons to war?
To aid thine eye, diſtruſtful if this end
Be fully gained, wait for the twilight hour.
When the grey owl, ſailing on lazy wing,
Her circuit takes; when lengthened ſhades diſſolve;
Then in ſome corner place thy finiſhed piece,
Free from each gariſh ray: Thine eye will there

Be

Be undiſturbed by *parts*; there will the *whole*
Be viewed collectively; the diſtance there
Will from it's foreground pleaſingly retire,
As diſtance ought, with true decreaſing tone.
If not, if ſhade or light be out of place,
Thou ſeeſt the error, and mayeſt yet amend.

Here ſcience ceaſes: but to cloſe the theme,
One labour ſtill, and of Herculean caſt,
Remains unſung, the art to *execute*,
And what it's happieſt mode. In this, alas!
What numbers fail; tho paths, as various, lead
To that fair end, as to thy ample walls,
Imperial London. Every artiſt takes
His own peculiar manner; ſave the hand
Coward, and cold, that dare not leave the track
It's maſter taught. Thou who wouldeſt boldly ſeize
Superior excellence, obſerve, with care,
The ſtyle of every artiſt; yet diſdain
To mimic even the beſt. Enough for thee
To gain a knowledge from what various modes
The ſame effect reſults. Artiſts there are,
Who, with exactneſs painful to behold,
Labour each leaf, and each minuter moſs,
Till with enamelled ſurface all appears
Compleatly ſmooth. Others with bolder hand,
By Genius guided, mark the general form,
The leading features, which the eye of taſte,
Practiſed in Nature, readily tranſlates.
Here lies the point of excellence. A piece,

Thus finiſhed, tho perhaps the playful toil
Of three ſhort mornings, more enchants the eye,
Than what was laboured through as many moons.
Why then ſuch toil miſpent? We never mean,
With cloſe and microſcopic eye, to pore
On every ſtudied *part*. The practiſed judge
Looks chiefly on the *whole*; and if thy hand
Be guided by true ſcience, it is ſure
To guide thy pencil freely. Scorn thou then
On *parts minute* to dwell. The *character*
Of objects aim at, not the *nice detail*.

Now is the ſcene compleat: with Nature's eaſe,
Thy woods, and lawns, and rocks, and ſplendid lakes,
And diſtant hills unite; it but remains
*To people theſe fair regions*. Some for this
Conſult the ſacred page; and in a nook
Obſcure, preſent the Patriarch's teſt of faith,
The little altar, and the victim ſon:
Or haply, to adorn ſome vacant ſky,
Load it with forms, that fabling bard ſupplies
Who ſang of bodies changed; the headlong ſteeds,
The car upheaved of Phaeton, while he,
Raſh boy! ſpreads on the plain his pallid corſe,
His ſiſters weeping round him. Groups like theſe
Befit not landſcape: Say, does Abraham there
Ought that ſome idle peaſant might not do?
Is there expreſſion, paſſion, character,
To mark the Patriarch's fortitude and faith?
The ſcanty ſpace which perſpective allows,

Forbids.

Forbids. Why then degrade his dignity
By paltry miniature? Why make it thus
A mere appendage? Rather deck thy ſcene
With figures ſimply ſuited to it's ſtyle.
The *landſcape* is thy object; and to that,
Be theſe the *under-parts*. Yet ſtill obſerve
Propriety in all. The ſpeckled pard,
Or tawny lion, ill would glare beneath
The Britiſh oak; and Britiſh flocks and herds
Would graze as ill on Afric's burning ſands.
If rocky, wild, and awful be thy views,
Low arts of huſbandry exclude: The ſpade,
The plough, the patient angler with his rod,
Be baniſhed thence; far other gueſts invite,
Wild as thoſe ſcenes themſelves, banditti fierce,
And gypſey-tribes, not merely to adorn,
But to impreſs that ſentiment more ſtrong,
Awakened already by the ſavage-ſcene.
  Oft winding ſlowly up the foreſt glade,
The ox-team labouring, drags the future keel
Of ſome vaſt admiral: no ornament
Aſſiſts the woodland ſcene like this; while far
Removed, ſeen by a gleam among the trees,
The foreſt-herd in various groups repoſe.
  Yet, if thy ſkill ſhould fail to people well
Thy landſcape, leave it deſert. Think how CLAUDE
Oft crowded ſcenes, which Nature ſelf might own,
With forms ill-drawn, ill-choſen, ill-arranged,
Of man and beaſt, o'er loading with falſe taſte

His ſylvan glories. Seize them, Peſtilence,
And ſweep them far from our diſguſted ſight!
If o'er thy canvas Ocean pours his tide,
The full ſized veſſel, with it's ſwelling ſail,
Be cautious to admit; unleſs thy art
Can give it cordage, pennants, maſts, and form
Appropriate; rather with a careleſs touch
Of light, or ſhade, juſt mark the diſtant ſkiff.
Nor thou refuſe that ornamental aid,
The feathered race afford. When fluttering near
The eye, we own abſurdity reſults;
They ſeem both fixed and moving: but beheld
At proper diſtance, they will fill thy ſky
With animation. Leave them there free ſcope:
Their *diſtant motion* gives us no offence.
Far up yon river, opening to the ſea,
Juſt where the diſtant coaſt extends a curve,
A lengthened train of ſea-fowl urge their flight.
Obſerve their files! In what exact array
The dark battalion floats, diſtinctly ſeen
Before yon ſilver cliff! Now, now, they reach
That lonely beacon; now are loſt again
In yon dark cloud. How pleaſing is the ſight!
The foreſt-glade from it's wild, timorous herd,
Receives not richer ornament, than here
From birds this lonely ſea-view. Ruins too
Are graced by ſuch additions: not the force
Of ſtrong and catching lights adorn them more,
Then do the duſky tribes of rooks, and daws
Fluttering their broken battlements among.

Place

Place but theſe feathered groups at diſtance due,
The eye, by fancy aided, ſees them move,
(Flit paſt the cliff, or circle round the tower)
Tho each, a centinel, obſerve his poſt.
Thy landſcape finiſhed, tho it meet thy own
Approving judgment, ſtill requires a teſt,
More general, more deciſive. Thine's an eye
Too partial to be truſted. Let it hang
On the rich wall, which emulation fills;
Where rival maſters court the world's applauſe.
There travelled virtuoſi, ſtalking round,
With ſtrut important, peering though the hand,
Hollowed in teleſcopic form, ſurvey
Each luckleſs piece, and uniformly damn;
Aſſuming for their own, the taſte they ſteal.
" This has not *Guido*'s air :" " This poorly apes
" *Titian*'s rich colouring:" " *Rembrant*'s forms are here,
" But not his light and ſhadow." Skilful they
In every hand, ſave Nature's. What if theſe
With *Gaſpar* or with *Claude* thy work compare,
And therefore ſcorn it; let the pedants prate
Unheeded. But if taſte, correct and pure,
Grounded on practice; or, what more avails
Than practice, obſervation juſtly formed
On Nature's beſt examples and effects,
Approve thy landſcape; if judicious Lock
See not an error he would wiſh removed,
Then boldly deem thyſelf the heir of Fame.

# NOTES

ON THE FOLLOWING

# POEM.

Line

34 SOME perhaps may object to the word *glimmering:* but whoever has obſerved the playing lights, and colours, which often inveſt the ſummits of mountains, will not think the epithet improper.

45 *What it's leading feature*; that is the *particular character* of the tree. The different ſhape of the leaves, and the different mode of ſpreading it's branches, give every tree, a *diſtinct form*, or *character*. At a little diſtance you eaſily diſtinguiſh the oak from the aſh; and the aſh from the beech. It is this *general form*, not any *particular detail*, which the artiſt is inſtructed to get by heart. The ſame remark holds with regard

regard to other parts of nature. Theſe *general forms* may be called the *painter's alphabet*. By theſe he learns to read her works; and alſo to make them intelligible to others.

61 *With light of curling foam contraſted.* The progreſs of each wave is this. Beneath the frothy curl, when it riſes between the eye, and the light, the colour is pale green, which brightens from the baſe towards the ſummit. When a wave ſubſides, the ſummit falling into the baſe, extends, and raiſes it; and that part of the water which meets the ſucceeding wave, ſprings upward from the ſhock; the top forms into foam, and rolling over falls down the ſide, which has been ſhocked; preſenting if the water be much agitated, the idea of a caſcade.

77 *The evening-ſhadow leſs opaquely falls.* It is not often obſerved by landſcape-painters, tho it certainly deſerves obſervation, that the morning-ſhadows are darker than thoſe of the evening.

101 *If the big thought ſeem more than art can paint.* It is always a ſign of genius to be diſſatisfied with our own efforts; and to conceive more than we expreſs.

151 *Deſign preſents the general ſubject, diſpoſition,* &c. Some writers on the art of painting have varied this diviſion. But it ſeems moſt proper, I think, to give the ſelection of the elements of landſcape—the aſſembling of rocks, mountains, cataracts, and other objects to *deſign:* while *diſpoſition* is properly employed in the local arrangement of them.

159 The *general* compoſition of a landſcape conſiſts of three parts—the foreground—the ſecond ground—and the diſtance. But no rule can be given for proportioning theſe parts to each other. There are ten thouſand beautiful proportions; from which the eye of taſte muſt ſelect a good one. The foreground muſt always be conſiderable—in ſome caſes, ample. It is the very baſis, and foundation of the whole.——Nor is it a bad rule, I think, that ſome part of the foreground ſhould be the higheſt part of the picture. In rocky, and mountainous views this is eaſy, and has generally a good effect. And ſometimes even when a country is more level, a tree on the foreground, carried higher than the reſt of the landſcape, anſwers the end. At the ſame time in many ſpecies of landſcape this rule

rule cannot eaſily be obſerved: nor is it by any means eſſential.

169 *Waterlo, like thine.* The ſubjects of this maſter ſeldom went beyond ſome little foreſt-view. He has etched a great number of prints in the ſtile of landſcape; which for the beauty of the trees in particular, are much admired.

178 *Landſcapes, that knew no leading ſubject.* There is not a rule in landſcape-painting more neglected; or that ought more to be obſerved, than what relates to a *leading-ſubject.* By the leading ſubject we mean, what *characterizes the ſcene.* We often ſee a landſcape, which comes under no denomination, Is it the ſcenery about a ruin? Is it a lake-ſcene? Is it a river-ſcene? No: but it is a jumble of all together. Some leading ſubject therefore is required in every landſcape, which forms it's character; and to which the painter

——————— is confined by rules,
As fixed, and rigid as the tragic bard.

When the landſcape takes it's character from a ruin, or other object on the foreground, the *diſtance* introduced, is merely an appendage; and muſt plainly appear to be an under-part; not interfering with the ſubject

ſubject of the piece. But moſt commonly the ſcene, or leading ſubject of the picture, occupies the middle diſtance. In this caſe, the *foreground* becomes the appendage; and without any ſtriking object to attract the eye, muſt plainly ſhew, that it is intended only to introduce the leading-ſubject with more advantage.

194 Thus, in a foreſt-ſcene, the woods and lawns, are the leading ſubject. If the piece will admit it, a hill, or a lake, may be admitted in *remote diſtance:* but they muſt be introduced, only as the epiſodes in a poem, to ſet off the main ſubject. They muſt not interfere with it: but be *far removed.*

202 *And tho a glance.* It is certain, in fact, that a conſiderable foreground, with a glance of diſtance, will make a better picture, than a wide diſtance, ſet off only with a meagre foreground: and yet I doubt whether an adequate reaſon can be given; unleſs it be founded on what hath already been advanced, that we conſider the foreground as the *baſis, and foundation of the whole picture.* So that if it is not conſiderable in all circumſtances, and extenſive in ſome, there ſeems a defect.

285 *A novel whole.* The imaginary-view, formed on a judicious ſelection, and arrangement of the parts of nature, has a better chance to make a good picture, than a view taken in the whole from any natural ſcene. Not only the lines, and objects of the natural ſcene rarely admit a happy compoſition; but the *character* of it is ſeldom throughout preſerved. Whether it be *ſublime*, or *beautiful*, there is generally ſomething mixed with it of a nature unſuitable to it. All this the exhibition of fancy rectifies, when in the hands of a maſter. Nor does he claim any thing, but what the poet, and he are equally allowed. Where is the ſtory in real life, on which the poet can form either an epic, or a drama, unleſs heightened by his imagination? At the ſame time he muſt take care, that all his imaginary additions are founded in nature, or his work will diſguſt. Such alſo muſt be the painter's care. But under this reſtriction, he certainly may bring together a more *conſiſtent whole*, culled from the *various parts* of nature, than nature herſelf exhibits in *any one ſcene.*

319 *Trace thy lines with pencil free.* The maſter is diſcovered even in his chalk, or black-lead lines—ſo free, firm, and intelligent.

We

We often admire theſe firſt, rude touches. The ſtory of the two old maſters will be remembered, who left cards of compliments to each other, on which only the ſimple outline of a figure was drawn by one, and corrected by the other; but with ſuch a ſuperior elegance in each, that the ſignature of names could not have marked them more deciſively.

323 *Firſt ſketch a ſlight cartoon.* It is the practice indeed of the generality of painters, when they have any great deſign to execute, to make a ſlight ſketch, ſometimes on paper, and ſometimes on canvas. And theſe ſketches are often greatly ſuperior to the principal picture, which has been laboured, and finiſhed with the exacteſt care. King William on horſe-back at Hampton court, by ſir Godfrey Kneller, is a ſtriking example of this remark. The picture is highly finiſhed; but is a tame, and unmaſterly performance. At Houghton-hall I have ſeen the original ſketch of this picture; which I ſhould have valued, not only greatly beyond the picture itſelf, but beyond any thing I ever ſaw from the pencil of ſir Godfrey.

336 *One truth ſhe gives*, &c. From theſe three virgin colours, *red*, *blue*, and *yellow*, all the tints of nature are compoſed. Greens

of various hues, are compoſed of blue, and yellow: orange, of red, and yellow: purple and violet, of red, and blue. The tints of the rainbow ſeem to be compoſed alſo of theſe colours. They lie in order thus: violet—*red*—orange—*yellow*—green—*blue*—violet—*red*: in which aſſortment we obſerve that orange comes between *red*, and *yellow*; that is, it is compoſed of thoſe colours melting into each other. Green is in the ſame way compoſed of *yellow* and *blue*; and violet, or purple of *blue*, and *red*.——Nay even browns of all kinds may, in a degree, be effected by a mixture of theſe original colours: ſo may grey; and even a kind of black, tho not a perfect one.——As all pigments however are deficient, and cannot approach the rainbow colours, which are the pureſt we know, the painter muſt often, even in his ſplendid tints, call in different reds, blues, and yellows. Thus as vermillion, tho an excellent red on many occaſions, cannot give a roſy, crimſon hue, he muſt often call in lake, or carmine. Nor will he find any yellow, or blue, that will anſwer every purpoſe. In the tribe of browns he will ſtill be more at a loſs; and muſt have recourſe to different earths.—In oil-painting one of the fineſt earths is known,

at

at the colour-ſhops, by the name of *caſtle-earth*, or *Vandyke's-brown*; as it is ſuppoſed to have been uſed by that maſter.

341 *And is by her rejected.* Scarce any natural object, but ſnow, is purely white. The chalk-cliff is generally in a degree diſcoloured. The petals of the ſnow-drop indeed, and of ſome other flowers, are purely white: but ſeldom any of the larger parts of nature.

362 *Keep in view that harmony*, &c. Tho it will be neceſſary to uſe other colours, beſides *yellow*, *red*, and *blue*, this union ſhould however ſtill be kept in view, as the leading principle of harmony. A mixture indeed of theſe three will produce nearly the colour you want: but the more you mix your colours, the muddier you make them. It will give more clearneſs therefore, and brightneſs to your colouring, to uſe ſimple pigments, of which there are great abundance in the painter's diſpenſatory.

364 This mode of colouring is the moſt difficult to attain, as it is the moſt ſcientific. It includes a perfect knowledge of the effects of colours in all their various agreements, and oppoſitions. When attained, it is the moſt eaſy in practice. The artiſt, who blends his colours on his pallet,

depends more on his eye, than on his knowledge. He works out his effect by a more laboured proceſs; and yet he may produce a good picture in the end.

392 Nobody was better acquainted with the effects of ſky, nor ſtudied them with more attention, than the younger Vanderveldt. Not many years ago, an old Thames-waterman was alive, who remembered him well; and had often carried him out in his boat, both up and down the river, to ſtudy the appearances of the ſky. The old man uſed to ſay, they went out in all kinds of weather, fair, and foul; and Mr. Vanderveldt took with him large ſheets of blue paper, which he would mark all over with black, and white. The artiſt eaſily ſees the intention of this proceſs. Theſe expeditions Vanderveldt called, in his Dutch manner of ſpeaking, *going a ſkoying*.

407 The moſt remarkable inſtance of ingenious colouring I ever heard of, is in Guido's St. Michael. The whole picture is compoſed of blue, red, and black; by means of which colours the ideas of heaven and hell are blended together in a very extraordinary manner; and the effect exceedingly ſublime; while both harmony, and chaſteneſs are preſerved in the higheſt degree.

411 *Let ſhade predominate.* As a *general rule*, the half-tints ſhould have more extent than the lights; and the ſhadows ſhould equal both put together.——Yet why a predominancy of ſhade ſhould pleaſe the eye more than a predominancy of light, would perhaps be difficult to explain. I can eaſily conceive, that a *balance* of light and ſhade may be founded in ſome kind of reaſon; but am at a loſs to give a reaſon for a predominancy of either. The fact however is undoubted; and we muſt ſkreen our ignorance of the principle, as well as we can.

446 This rule reſpects an *affected diſplay of light.* If it be introduced as a focus, ſo as not to fall *naturally* on the ſeveral objects it touches, it diſguſts. Rembrandt, I doubt, is ſometimes chargeable with this fault. He is commonly ſuppoſed to be a maſter of this part of painting: and we often ſee very beautiful lights in his pictures, and prints: but as in many of them we ſee the reverſe, he appears to have had no fixed principle. Indeed, few parts of painting are ſo much neglected, ſo eaſily tranſgreſſed, and ſo little underſtood, as the diſtribution of light.

449 *Oppoſition*, and *gradation* are the two grand means of producing effect by light. In

the picture juſt given (l. 429. &c.) of the evening-ray, the effect is produced by *oppoſition*. Beautiful effects too of the ſame kind ariſe often from *catching lights*. ——The power of producing effect by *gradation*, is not leſs forcible. Indeed, without a degree of *gradation*, *oppoſition* itſelf would be mute. In the picture juſt given of the evening-ray, the grand part of the effect, no doubt, ariſes from the *oppoſition* between the gloom, and the light: but in part it ariſes alſo from the *gradation* of the light, till it reach it's point. It juſt tips

> The tufted groves; but all it's ſplendor pours
> On yonder caſtled cliff. ——————————

452 The colours of animals often ſtrongly illuſtrate the idea of *gradation*. When they ſoften into each other, from light or dark, or from one colour into another, the mixture is very pictureſque. It is as much the reverſe, when white and black, or white, and red, are patched over the animal in blotches, without any intermediate tints. Domeſtic cattle, cows, dogs, ſwine, goats, and cats, are often diſagreeably patched; tho we ſometimes ſee them pleaſingly coloured with a graduating tint. Wild animals, in general, are more uniformly coloured,

coloured, than tame. Except the zebra, and two or three of the ſpotted race, I recollect none which are not, more or leſs, tinted in this graduating manner. The tiger, the panther, and other variegated animals have their beauty: but the zebra, I think, is rather a curious, than a pictureſque animal. It's ſtreaked ſides injure it both in point of colour, and in the delineation of it's form.

472 *But rarely ſpread it on the diſtant ſcene.* In general perhaps a landſcape is beſt inlightened, when the light falls on the middle parts of the picture; and the foreground is in ſhadow. This throws a kind of natural retiring hue throughout the landſcape: and tho the *diſtance be in ſhadow*, yet that ſhadow is ſo faint, that the retiring hue is ſtill preſerved. This however is only a general rule. In hiſtory-painting the light is properly thrown upon the figures on the foreground; which are the *capital part* of the picture. In landſcape the middle grounds commonly form *the ſcene*, or the *capital part*; and the foreground is little more, than an appendage. Sometimes however it happens, that a ruin, or ſome other capital object on the foreground, makes the *principal part of the ſcene*. When that is the

caſe, it ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by light; unleſs it be ſo ſituated as to receive more diſtinction from ſhade.

487 *A fiercer ſplendor opens to our view all his terrific features.* It is very amuſing, in mountainous countries, to obſerve the appearance, which the ſame mountain often makes under different circumſtances. When it is inveſted with light miſts; or even when it is not illuminated, we ſee it's whole ſummit perhaps under one grey tint. But as it receives the ſun, eſpecially an evening-ſun, we ſee a variety of fractures, and chaſms gradually opening, of which we diſcovered not the leaſt appearance before.

493 Tho the objects may leſſen in due proportion, which is called *keeping*; tho the graduating hue of retiring objects, or the *aerial perſpective*, may be juſt; and tho the light may be diſtributed according to the rules of art; yet ſtill there may not be that general reſult of harmony, which denotes the picture *one object*: and as the eye may be miſled, when it has the *ſeveral parts* before it, the beſt way of examining it as a *perfect whole*, is to examine it in ſuch a light, as will not admit the inveſtigation of *parts*.

549 *Others*,

534 *Others*, &c. Some painters copy exactly what they see. In this there is more mechanical precision, than genius. Others take a *general, comprehensive view* of their object; and ~~making~~ marking just the *characteristic points*, lead the spectator, if he be a man of taste, and genius likewise, into a truer knowledge of it, than the copier can do, with all his painful exactness.

568 *Why then degrade*, &c. If by bringing the figures forward on the foreground, you give room for *character*, and *expression*, you put them out of place as *appendages*, for which they were intended.

586 *Oft slowly winding*, &c. The machine itself here described is picturesque: and when it is seen in *winding motion*, or (in other words) when half of it is foreshortened, it receives additional beauty from contrast. In the same manner a cavalcade, or an army on it's march, may be considered as *one object*; and derive beauty from the same source. Mr. Gray has given us a very picturesque view of this kind, in describing the march of Edward I;

> As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
> He ~~wound~~ with toilsome march his long array.
> Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance:
> To arms! cried Mortimer; and couched his quivering lance.

Through

Through a paſſage in the mountain we ſee the troops winding round at a great diſtance. Among thoſe nearer the eye, we diſtinguiſh the horſe and foot; and on the foreground, the action, and expreſſion of the principal commanders.

The ancients ſeem to have known very little of that ſource of the pictureſque, which ariſes from perſpective: every thing is introduced in front before the eye: and among the early painters we hardly ſee more attention paid to it. Raphael is far from making a full uſe of the knowledge of it; and I believe Julio Romano makes ſtill leſs.

I do not remember meeting any where with a more pictureſque deſcription of a line of march, than in Vaillant's travels into the interior parts of Africa. He was paſſing with a numerous caravan, along the borders of Caffraria. I firſt, ſays he made the people of the hord, which accompanied me, ſet out with their cattle. Soon after my cattle followed; cows, ſheep, and goats; with all the women of the hord, mounted on oxen with their children. My waggons, with the reſt of my people, cloſed the rear. I myſelf, mounted on horſeback, rode backwards, and forewards. This caravan

on

on it's march, exhibited often a ſingular, and amuſing ſpectacle. The turns it was obliged to make in following the windings of the woods, and rocks, continually gave it new forms. Sometimes it intirely diſappeared: then ſuddenly, at a diſtance, from the ſummit of a hill, I again diſcovered my vanguard ſlowly advancing perhaps towards a diſtant mountain: while the main body, following the track, were juſt below me.

This rule indeed applies to all other objects: but as the ſhip is ſo large a machine, and at the ſame time ſo complicated a one, it's *character* is leſs obvious, than that of moſt other objects. It is much better therefore, where a veſſel is neceſſary, to put in a few touches for a ſkiff; than to inſert ſome diſagreeable form for a ſhip, to which it has no reſemblance. At the ſame time, it is not at all neceſſary to make your ſhip ſo accurate, that a ſeaman could find no fault with it. It is the ſame in figures: as appendages of landſcape there is no neceſſity to have them exactly accurate; but if they have not the *general form*, and the *character* of what they repreſent, the landſcape is better without them.

623 *They*

608 *They ſeem*, &c. *Rapid motion* alone, and that *near the eye*, is here cenſured. We ſhould be careful not to narrow too much the circumſcribed ſphere of art. There is an art of ſeeing, as well as of painting. The eye muſt in part enter into the deception. The art of painting muſt, in ſome degree, be conſidered as an act of convention. General forms only are imitated, and much is to be ſupplied by the imagination of the ſpectator.——It is thus in the drama. How abſurdly would the ſpectator act, if inſtead of aſſiſting the illuſion of the ſtage, he ſhould inſiſt on being deceived, without being a party in the deception?—if he refuſed to believe, that the light he ſaw, was the ſun; or the ſcene before him, the Roman capital, becauſe he knew the one was a candle-light, and the other, a painted cloth? The painter therefore muſt in *many things* ſuppoſe deception; and only avoid it, where it is too *palpably groſs* for the eye to ſuffer.

641 Guido's air, no doubt, is often very pleaſing. He is thought to have excelled in imagining the angelic character; and, as if aware of this ſuperiority, was fond of painting angels. After all, however, they, whoſe taſte is formed on the ſimplicity of

of the antique, think *Guido's air*, in general ſomewhat theatrical.

643 *Skilful they*, &c. The greateſt obſtruction to the progreſs of art ariſes from the prejudices of conceited judges; who, in fact, know leſs about the matter, than they who know nothing: inaſmuch as truth is leſs obvious to error, than it is to ignorance. Till they can be prevailed on to return upon their ſteps, and look for that criterion in nature, which they ſeek in the half-periſhed works of great names; the painter will be diſcouraged from purſuing knowledge in thoſe paths, where Raphael, and Titian found it.—We have the ſame idea well inforced in Hogarth's analyſis of beauty. (Introduc. p. 4.)

" The reaſon why [illegible] gentlemen, inquiſitive
" after knowledge in pictures, have their
" eyes leſs qualified to judge, than others,
" is becauſe their thoughts have been con-
" tinually employed in conſidering, and
" retaining the various *manners*, in which
" pictures are painted—the hiſtories, names,
" and characters of the maſters, together
" with many other little circumſtances be-
" longing to the *mechanical* part of the
" art; and little or no time has been given
" to perfect the ideas they ought to have

" in

" in their minds, of the objects themſelves
" in nature. For having adopted their
" firſt notions merely from *imitations*; and
" becoming too often as bigotted to their
" faults, as to their beauties, they totally
" diſregard the works of nature, merely
" becauſe they do not tally with what their
" minds are ſo ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed with.
" Were it not for this, many a reputed
" capital picture, which now adorns the
" cabinet of the curious, would long ago
" have been committed to the flames."

644 *What if theſe compare*, &c. Bruyere obſerves, that the inferior critic judges only by *compariſon*. In one ſenſe all judgment muſt be formed by compariſon. But Bruyere, who is ſpeaking of poetry, means, that the inferior critic has no ſcale of judgment of a work of art, but by comparing it with ſome other work of the ſame kind. He judges of Virgil by a compariſon with Homer; and of Spencer by comparing him with Taſſo. By ſuch criticiſm he may indeed arrive at certain truths; but he will never form that maſterly judgment, which he might do by comparing the work before him with the great archetypes of nature, and the ſolid rules of his art.——What Bruyere ſays of the critic in poetry, is very

very applicable to the critic in painting. The inferior critic, who has travelled, and ſeen the works of many great maſters, ſuppoſes he has treaſured up from them the ideas of perfection; and inſtead of judging of a picture by the rules of painting, and it's agreement with nature, he judges of it by the arbitrary ideas he has conceived; and theſe too very probably much injured in the conception. From this comparative mode of criticizing, the art receives no advancement. All we gain, is, that one artiſt paints better than another.

END OF THE NOTES.

# EXPLANATION

OF THE

# *PRINTS.*

TWO facing page 19. It is the intention of theſe two prints to illuſtrate how very adverſe the idea of *ſmoothneſs* is to the *compoſition* of landſcape. In the ſecond of them the *great lines* of the landſcape are exactly the ſame as in the firſt; only they are *more broken.*

Two facing p. 75. The firſt of theſe prints is meant to illuſtrate the idea of *ſimple illumination.* The light falls ſtrongly on *various* parts; as indeed it often does in nature. But as it is the painter's buſineſs to take nature in her moſt beautiful form, he chuſes to throw his light more into a *maſs*, as repreſented in the ſecond print, which exhibits the *ſame landſcape*, only better inlightened. When we merely take the *lines* of a landſcape from nature; and *inlighten* it (as

(as we muſt often do) from our own taſte, and judgment, the maſſing of the light muſt be well attended to, as one of the great ſources of beauty. It muſt not be ſcattered in ſpots; but muſt be brought more together, as on the rocky ſide of the hill in the ſecond print: and yet it muſt graduate alſo in different parts; ſo as not to appear affected.

One print facing p. 77. The idea of *gradation* is here farther illuſtrated; according to the explanation in p. 76.——The inſcription is that admired one of Cæcilia Metella, the daughter of Metellus, and the wife of Craſſus; in which, with ſo much elegant, and tender ſimplicity, her name is divided between her father, and her huſband.

One facing p. 79. This print exemplifies a *ſimple mode* of *tinting* a drawing, as explained in the text. The colouring of this print (which is done by hand) has added a little to the expence of the book: but it was thought neceſſary to compleat the ſcheme. —It was coloured by a relation of mine; Mr. Gilpin, drawing-maſter at Paddington-green; who in all the copies I have ſeen, has illuſtrated my ideas very ſatisfactorily; and who, as far as the recommendation of a partial kinſman may go, deſerves mine.

One

One facing p. 85. This print is an explanation of a few rules in perſpective; juſt ſufficient for the uſe of common landſcape.

A CATALOGUE of Mr. GILPIN's Works, published by R. BLAMIRE, in the *Strand.*

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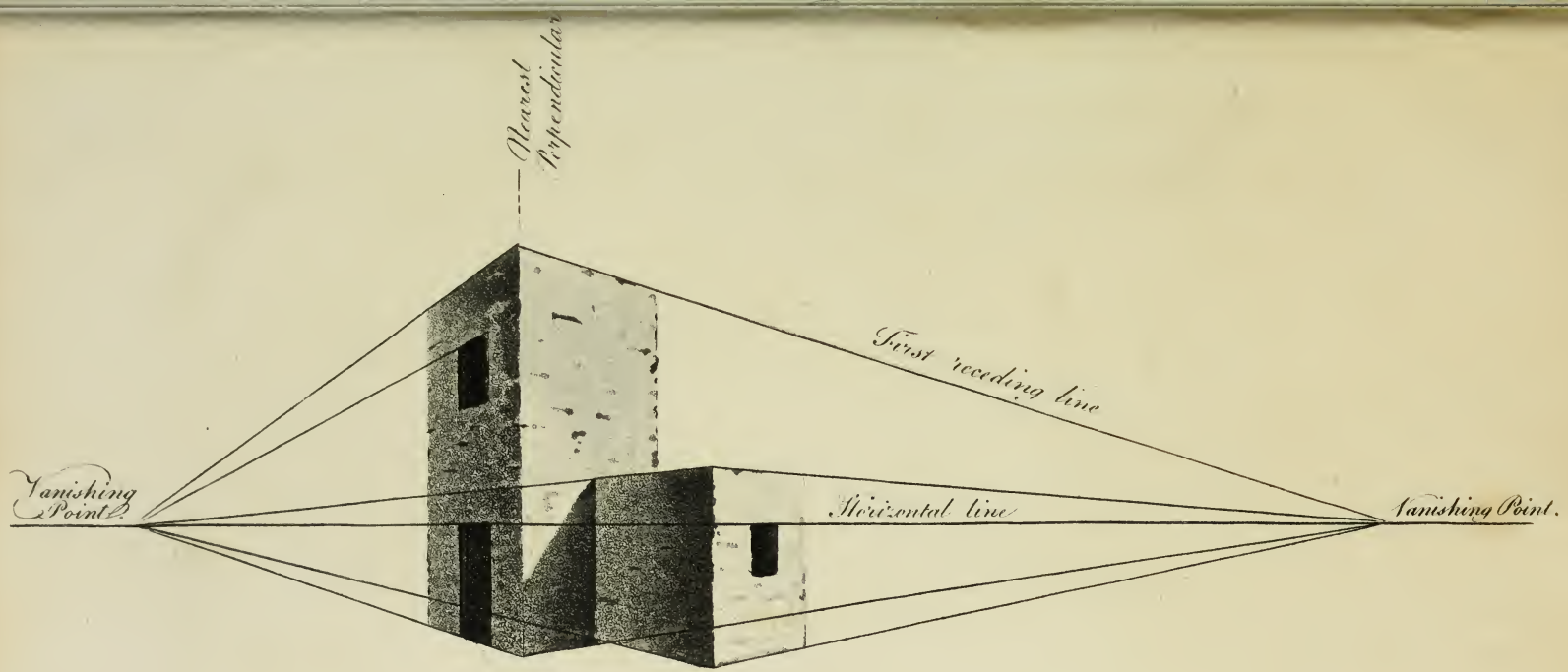
THE AUTHOR is ſorry to find ſo many Words miſprinted. But as the corrector of the preſs acknowledges he can make no ſatisfactory apology, the author accepts his candid acknowledgement, as an excuſe. He hopes the reader will accept it likewiſe, and mark with his pen the following

# ERRATA.

Page

8. for *widening* read *winding*.
10. for *brighteſt* read *higheſt*.
33. after *not informed*, place a colon.
43. for *idea of ſublimity* read *ideas of ſublimity*.
78. for *with the reddiſh* read *with a reddiſh*.
79. for *ſlightly finiſhed*, read *highly finiſhed*.
80. for *greyiſh ſtile*, read *gayer ſtile*.
85. for *it's neareſt perpendicular* read *the neareſt perpendicular*.
86. for *tend only* read *tends only*.
87. for *is far below* read *is ſo far below*.
87. for *modes of ſketching*, read *mode of ſketching*.
89. for *ill-judged artiſt* read *ill-judging artiſt*.
93. line 266. for *will be eaſy* read *muſt be eaſy*.
103. —— 109. place a *comma*, inſtead of a *period*, after mountain-range.
105. —— 180. a comma after *beyond*.
105. —— 185. for *things* read *thing*.
110. —— 326. for *pellet* read *pallet*.
111. —— 353. for *conceal* read *conceals*.
112. —— 387. for *adopts* read *adapts:* and for *the evening ray* read *an evening ray*.
114. —— 439. for *with tenfold*, read *which tenfold*.
119. —— 586. for *awakened* read *awaked*.
126. —— 169. for *in the ſtile of landſcape* read *in this ſtile of landſcape*.
137. —— 534. for *and making juſt* read *and marking juſt*.
137. —— 586. for *he would* read *he wound*.
138. —— 586. for *a Caffraria* read *Caffraria*.
139. —— 600. for *have the general form* read *have not the general form*.
141. —— 643. Place a *comma* after *great names*; and inſtead of *why we gentlemen*, read *why gentlemen*.

CÆCILIÆ Q·CRETICI·F·
METELLÆ·CRASSI·


Nearest Perpendicular
First receding line
Vanishing Point
Horizontal line
Vanishing Point.

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